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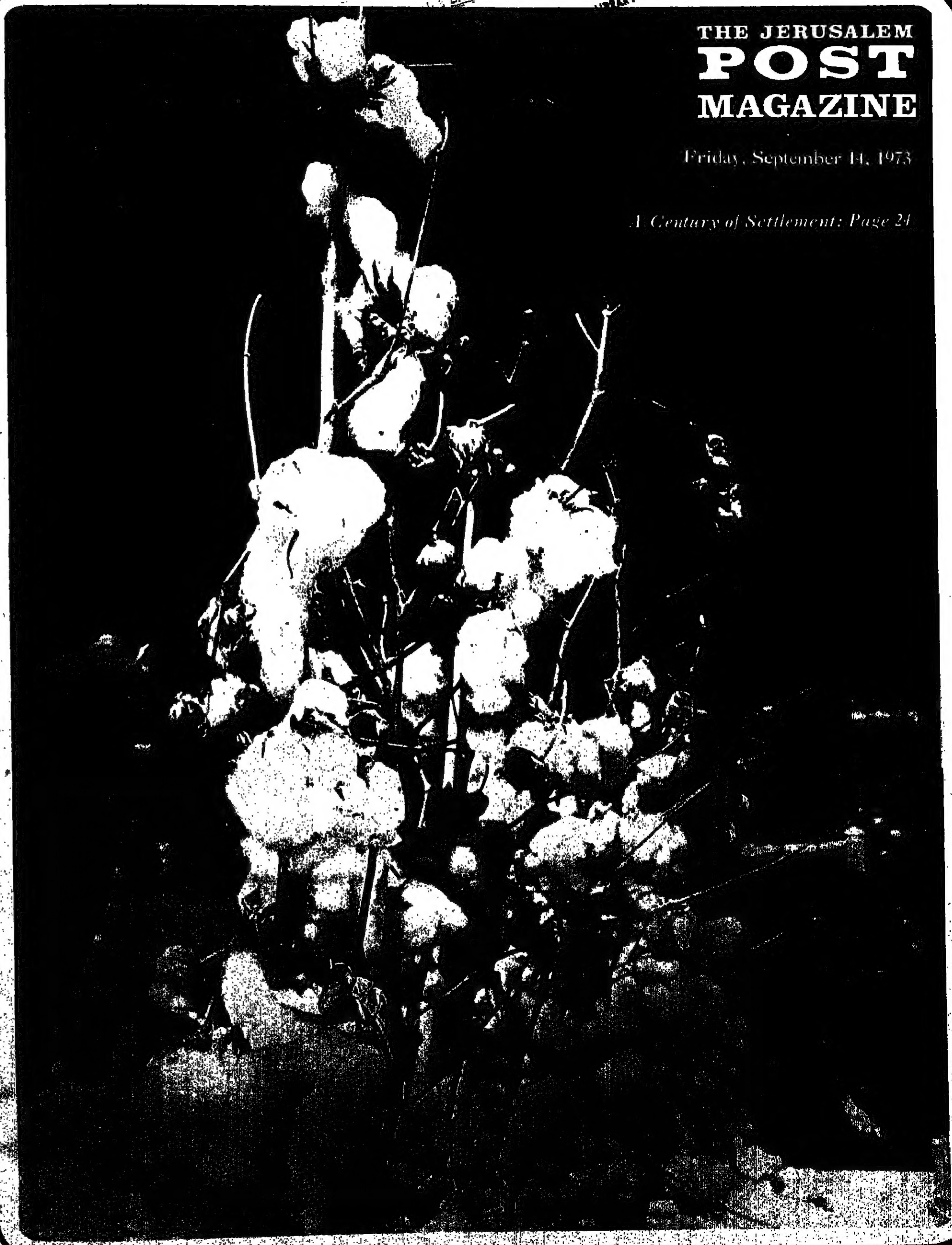
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THE JERUSALEM
POST
MAGAZINE

Friday, September 14, 1973

A Century of Settlement: Page 24



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Cover picture: Scene from the 100-year settlement exhibit.
(Shalom Bar-Tal)

Catherine Rosenheimer examines the dilemma of some-boom-threatened Belt Dagon: to be or not to be?

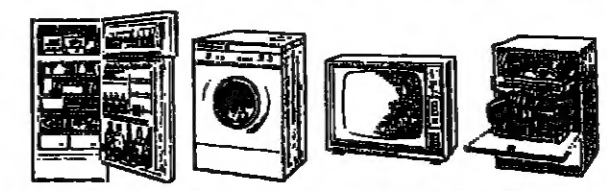
Catherine Rosenheimer sees Jerry Moltz' Arilan show; Lea Lovavi takes a look at Technet Clubs for

Ephraim Kishon learns the difference between black and white money; Crossword: George Levine's Bridge and Elhanan Shalom's Chess columns.



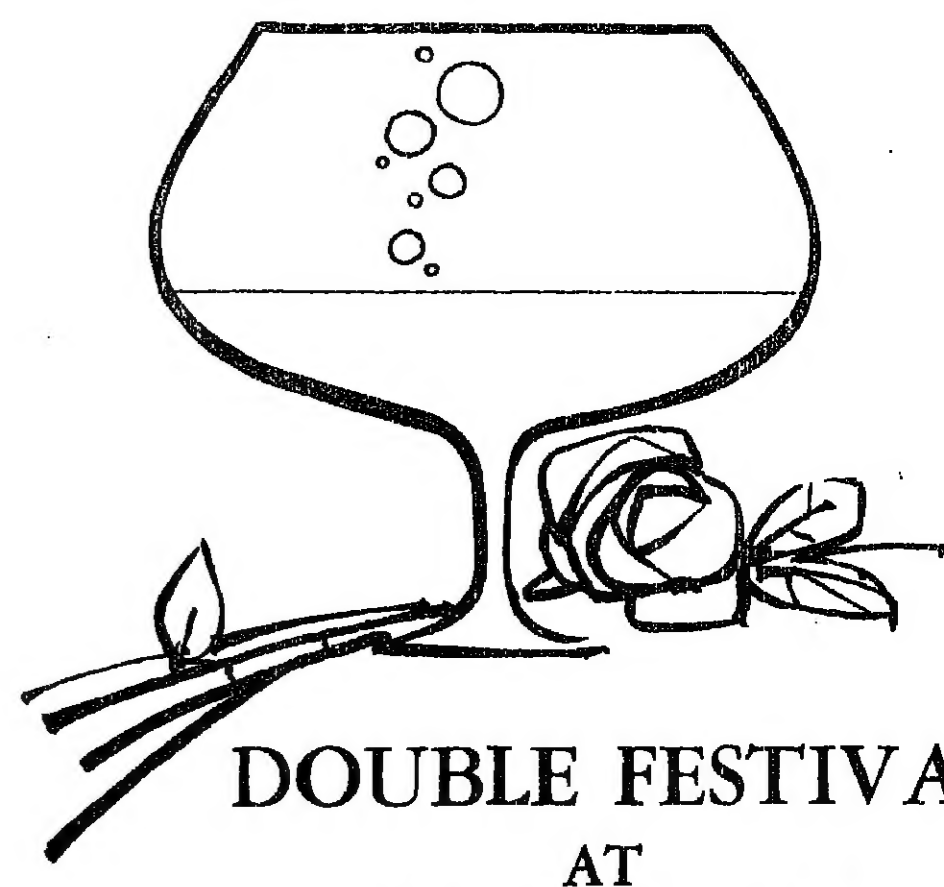
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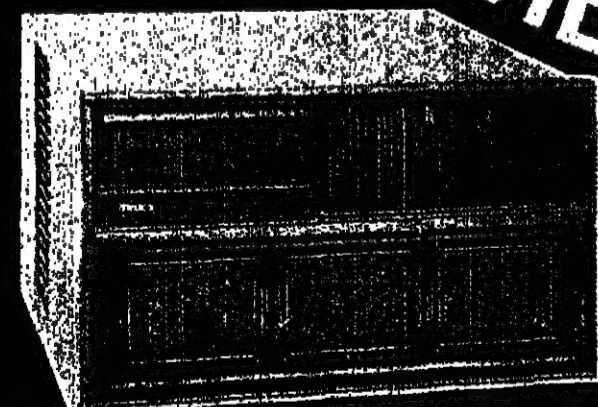
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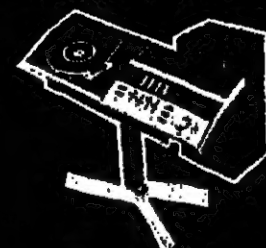
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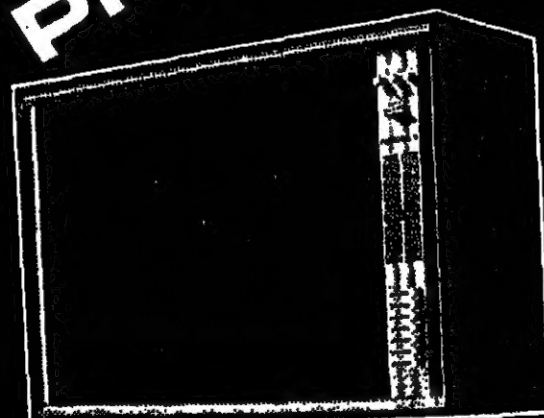
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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1973

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

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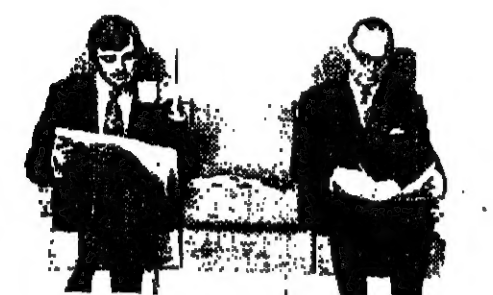
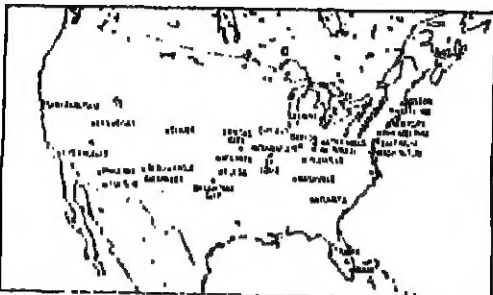
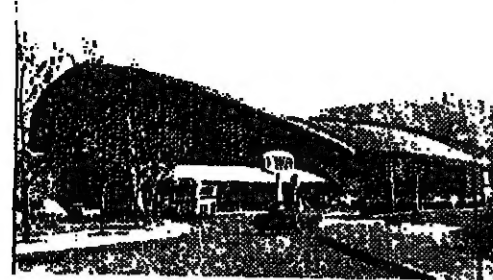
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PAGE FOUR

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1973

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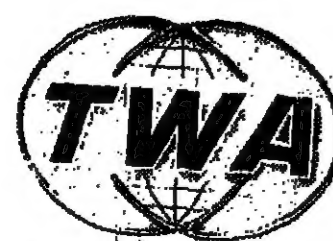
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CRACKS IN THE PATTERN

Lea Ben-Dor

THE TWO most obviously notable results of the Histadrut election on Tuesday were that the Labour Alignment dropped by almost 4 per cent, from 62 to 58 at one end of the scale, and that at the other end, 1.7 per cent was polled by the Panthers, the protest list put forward by groups of Israeli-born youths whose families came from Morocco in the early years of the state.

To the extent that it can still be identified, the Moroccan community might now number around 300,000 souls, at a rough estimate, of the 3,000,000 that make up the total population. This would mean the Panthers, again roughly speaking, took about a third of the Moroccan vote. It should be taken into consideration that many, particularly the skilled and factory workers of this community, are doing very well financially, at this time of a shortage of skilled hands.

One should conclude, therefore, that the Panther movement has given the younger sections of this community a feeling of identity and cohesion which they had lacked because many of them failed to identify themselves fully with the population at large — which was not giving them their proper share of success and money. The Panthers have no specific policy except the demand for better jobs and job-training for school-leavers and returning soldiers, and better living conditions for large families.

Their original method of operation was to obstruct traffic by means of demonstrations that often turned into violent fights with police (of whom a large proportion are also of Moroccan origin) in order to make their existence known and felt. Now they have found a leader in Shalom Cohen, formerly the partner of Uri Avneri in the Olam Hazeh party. Cohen, who was born in Iraq and grew up in Egypt, is a more orthodox left-wing man than the Panthers with their very practical, direct demands: it was a case of a politician without a following taking over prospective voters without political know-how.

Following are the percentage returns of the Histadrut elections in a sample selection of cities and towns:

Town	Vote	Align.	Likud	ILP	Work.	Moked	Meri	Pan.	Rakal
Jerusalem*	43,503	21,035	14,009	2,980	2,407	832	409	986	287
Tel Aviv	—	56.39	25.29	7.02	4.37	—	0.98	1.40	1.18
Haifa	111,000	54.61	20.00	6.93	3.36	1.76	0.90	1.30	1.46
Acre	8,658	56.32	23.23	2.21	4.31	0.70	0.34	4.07	7.48
Afula	6,931	52.31	28.88	4.21	8.01	0.78	0.83	2.64	0.27
Arad	1,818	61.12	19.55	11.36	1.48	2.60	1.04	1.20	0.31
Ashdod	3,432	57.42	27.10	3.76	6.38	0.68	2.50	0.30	—
Ashkelon	8,406	57.80	24.13	5.47	8.95	—	0.64	2.10	—
Bat Yam	21,223	56.01	27.70	4.87	3.49	3.31	0.88	1.84	0.77
Beersheba	15,710	53.53	21.47	5.20	7.40	1.59	1.05	7.83	0.44
Bnei Brak	9,935	53.06	23.58	8.31	7.27	2.13	0.99	2.18	1.62
Carmiel	1,774	58.32	20.87	4.90	4.45	0.79	0.87	0.66	2.53
Dimona	4,978	55.28	27.08	6.51	1.18	0.58	0.70	7.27	0.16
Eilat	—	55.32	31.00	4.30	2.13	0.69	2.05	1.63	0.22
Hadera	10,114	59.09	23.26	5.75	4.42	1.31	0.53	3.35	0.23
Herzliya	11,094	58.66	23.89	12.32	5.13	—	—	—	—
Holon	25,848	55.89	28.37	6.62	4.12	2.97	0.88	1.66	0.60
Kfar Saba	9,963	57.95	25.61	4.23	3.72	—	—	—	—
Lod	9,375	48.65	23.98	3.05	6.12	0.58	0.57	11.35	1.28
Nahariya	9,422	62.26	20.89	6.38	3.51	0.83	0.48	1.01	3.63
Nelanya	15,583	51.10	18.27	8.97	8.17	1.88	0.56	3.24	0.46
Nazareth	9,075	52.66	4.22	4.28	0.32	0.45	0.19	0.57	38.68
Peta Tikva	27,949	57.31	23.66	4.44	4.89	1.40	0.75	1.91	0.75
Ramle	8,333	48.59	21.82	5.57	8.41	1.40	0.40	1.50	3.54
Rishon	18,434	60.12	26.04	5.08	3.23	1.35	0.95	1.18	0.50
Safed	3,610	57.86	18.84	7.81	2.69	0.55	0.58	1.27	1.10
Tiberias	6,613	59.67	25.09	4.62	5.18	0.55	0.42	1.09	2.37
Zichron	1,983	68.06	24.91	1.81	1.82	0.25	0.10	0.96	1.16

The Panthers do not wish to opt out of the community, but to get in, and to have what they feel is their share of the communal amenities. If they succeed, their party will immediately become superfluous. The education, labour, settlement and welfare ministries have not known up to now how to solve the problems of underprivileged Moroccan youth. If they know the answers themselves there might now be some progress, and the main question may be whether Shalom Cohen will be willing to concentrate on Panther interests, or whether he will try to employ their votes for his own internationalist-leftist purposes.

The Likud, on the other hand, that was to startle us all, crept up only marginally over the votes polled in 1969 by its three constituent groups, Gahal, the State Party and the Free Centre, despite all the fanfare and the frontal battle fought by Ahuf (Res.) Ariel Sharon. As with the Panthers, one may assume that the Likud has relatively more prospective voters who are not in the Histadrut than does the Alignment, and that they will therefore be able to muster some extra manpower for the Knesset. Even in the Histadrut they did, in fact, pick up some extra votes, for most of the original supporters of the State Party (which began as Rafi when Ben-Gurion left Mapai) have now returned to the Labour Party, to judge by voting figures from kibbutzim with a formerly Rafi vote. But it is nothing like the blitzkrieg victory of which Sharon may have dreamt, which could catapult the Likud into power by 1977.

Instead for the Liberal and religious labour groups. These both show a surprising and unexpected increase.

The Likud's chances cannot have been improved by the fact that Shmuel Tamir bolted from the union on polling day, when election advertisements for his Free Centre again appeared in the press, and then announced later in the evening that he intended after all to join. While he has been protesting all along that Herut and its leader, Menachem Begin, did not want him in — which may well be true — Gahal now claims that it is Tamir who has changed his mind and believes he could do better outside the Likud. Even if the group lasts until the Knesset elections, they say, Tamir is likely to be planning a second departure afterwards, when he will collect his members from the joint list and set up on his own once more.

THERE ARE other points of interest. An analysis of voting patterns in 28 towns shows that the Alignment did best in older, well-established and comparatively well-to-do places such as Zichron Yaakov (68 per cent), Safed (67 per cent), Nahariya (62) or a carefully organized new town like Carmiel (63), where no immigrant was settled unless he had a proper job. The Alignment polled lowest in poor towns like Ramleh (46.8) and neighbouring Lod (48.6). In Lod, where Moroccan newcomers were moved into abandoned Arab housing at a time of peak immigration, conditions have remained bad, and the Panther vote is at its highest, reaching 11 per cent. Ramleh with much better houses was settled mainly by immigrants from Eastern Europe and the Panther vote there is only 1.5 per cent.

Jerusalem, always a Herut stronghold, gave 33 per cent to the Likud, up one point from 1969 and only 51 to the Alignment, down one point. The Panthers had over 7 per cent in Dimona and Beersheba, with their large Moroccan communities, and both towns latecomers to affluence.

The Independent Liberal workers vary from 12 per cent in well-to-do Herzliya and 11 in Arad to 2 per cent in Acre; the religious workers from 0 per cent in Natanya to 4 in Carmiel. Moked, successors to Maki, the Israel Communists, did best in Bat Yam, Holon and Jerusalem, where there are student communities, but did not go up as a whole. Avneri's new Meri party, which includes some of the former Maki, lost nearly half its votes,

getting less than 1 per cent. Avneri only did well, with almost 3 per cent, in Eilat, which has always, you will forgive me, been considered the last haven for crackpots of many kinds. Eilat was also the place where the Likud did best, with 31 per cent. In Nazareth, Avneri scored 1 per cent, or six votes. The Likud had 4.28, which might be expected in an Arab town; Rakah, the New Communists, got 38.7 per cent, compared to just under 2 for the country as a whole, and the Alignment 52.

GENERALLY SPEAKING, the pattern has been shaken up a little, though it is only in Lod and Ramleh that the Alignment actually dropped below the 50 per cent mark. In 1969 the Alignment losses in the Histadrut were attributed to Aharon Becker's lack of initiative. This year's loss may be due in turn to Ben Aharon's high-pressure initiatives which have not been too well received in the Labour organization.

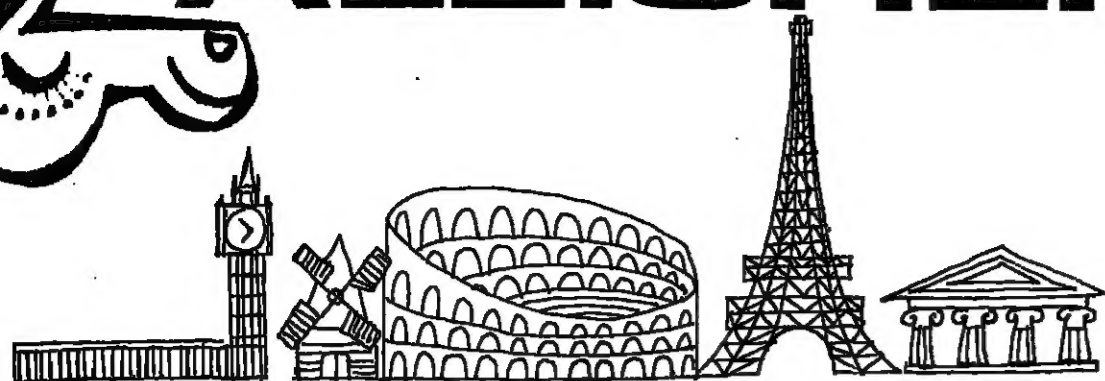
On foreign affairs the serious differences of opinion are practically all accommodated within the Alignment itself, from Lyova Eliav, who would like to help build a Palestinian state in the West Bank, to Mordechai Surkis, who would like to build an Israel state there. Even on domestic affairs there are no great differences between the major parties. For years the Herut economic experts like Yohanan Bader expended most of their energies on fighting the Histadrut as such, while Tamir's first lieutenant, Eliezer Shostak, headed a small right wing labour organization for Herzliya. Now they are part of the organization they opposed.

Housing, and especially rental housing, an incomes policy and not only education but the general state of morale of the younger generation have become the real issues, and they are being disregarded almost equally by both blocs, or at least not being attacked with the same vigour and inventiveness that won our wars.

We shall have six ex-generals in the next Knesset, and if Yitzhak Rabin, former chief of staff and ambassador to the U.S., joins the Government, that will make it seven jointly or separately, they could launch a war on poverty, under-education, miseducation, and simple ignorance of the ideas underlying the State of Israel instead of being content with manipulating party machines. Whichever party, or general, took this path could expect to find very wide support.

مکان الاصل

SHALOM ALEICHEM



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THE GREAT OIL BLACKMAIL

The recent Arab attempt to link oil production with a change in U.S. policy on Israel is political bluff. The issue is purely economic: the oil-rich Arab countries have little incentive to increase their output, and if Israel were to disappear tomorrow, it would not make them any more accommodating. Those are the conclusions drawn by DAVID KRIVINE from an exhaustive study of the subject.

THE WESTERN world's biggest headache during the next decade is going to be the oil crisis. It is a problem of such intimidating dimensions that its association with the Arab-Israeli dispute becomes incidental, almost irrelevant. Put another way, if Israel were to disappear tomorrow, the oil crisis would remain unchanged.

Here are the statistical facts, as they were immediately prior to President Nixon's statement last Saturday. Oil production on the American continent has passed its peak, and is beginning slowly to decline — while consumption goes on growing. The U.S. imported close to 250m. tons last year. That figure will increase to 800m. tons in 1980.

The Americans consumed 775m. tons of petroleum in 1972 — 550m. tons of it from internal sources, the rest imported. By 1980 they will be needing 1,200m. tons, 50 per cent of it from foreign wells.

Japan will be buying a similar quantity by then. Europe is importing more than that already. In all, the world will need over 1,000m. tons of extra oil eight years from now.

The chief supplier will be the Middle East, at a price — a very high price. In fact, the cost of this whole operation will be so immense that it probably cannot be accommodated within the framework of the world's present monetary system. For the first time in human memory, neither currency nor bank loans nor gold are going to prevent a major economic deadlock.

The U.S. paid \$7,000m. for oil imports last year. By 1980 (with prices already going up), the bill will be \$20,000m. or more. The Americans do not have that amount of foreign exchange to spend. They cannot possibly push up their exports by \$10-15 billion in eight years — just to pay for oil.

One of the reasons they cannot is that the Arab States face the same problem in reverse. Saudi Arabia — the country with the largest oil reserves in the world — earned \$3,000m. from the oil trade last year. By 1980, if she is to supply the purchasing countries as outlined above, she will be earning an estimated \$25,000m. per annum. Saudi Arabia has no idea how to spend last year's \$3,000m. — and this year's revenue is already appreciably greater. What will she do with an annual inflow of \$25 billion?

According to the British Institute of Strategic Studies, the Arabs — and Saudi Arabia especially — want to industrialize; but they cannot possibly manage to spend — whether on raw materials, machinery or consumer goods for the wage-earners — a fraction of these huge sums. If they could, the U.S. would have a new market for exports. Instead, King Faisal will be sitting on an increasing pile of superfluous dollars. He will be stuck with a growing mass of deprecating banknotes. The more he has, the more their value will decline — inevitably, as supply exceeds demand.

Meanwhile, his country's one vital treasure is being remorselessly extracted from the ground.



Once that oil is exhausted, Saudi Arabia will be like Samson, shorn of his locks — powerless, abandoned, a forgotten monster. The Arabs are lucidly aware of this problem. They are being asked to exchange their one priceless asset for bits of paper — notes, bills, scrip, bonds, share certificates — whose purchasing-power could quite conceivably evaporate with the passage of time. (Western governments are already alarmed at the mounting purchases of securities in their countries by the oil sheikhs.)

The game is scarcely worth the candle. Explaining to the "Christian Science Monitor" why his country wants to reduce the growth-rate of its petroleum output from 30 per cent a year (which represents the Western need) to 10 per cent, Mr. Nasser, chief of Saudi Arabia's Central Planning Bureau, said: "Frankly, I wish you could find some other energy source, to take the pressure off us."

WHAT DID KUWAIT freeze her petroleum output two years ago? The real reason is that she has no incentive to increase production. Last year she earned \$1,500m. — for a population of 800,000, only half of whom are Kuwaitis. That comes to \$10,000 per family. This year she is receiving \$2,000m. What can she do with the money? Abu Dhabi earned \$550m. last year, for a population of less than 40,000. Seven years from now, assuming a 25 per cent population growth, there will be (quite literally) \$400,000 a year per family. Even if they share it

consumer countries were altogether too obliging. Their agreements threaten to wreck the world's monetary stability. (A far smaller taste of this was felt in the recent dollar crisis.)

ONE could ask, why should not poor countries get what they can out of the rich countries? If all the poor countries were benefiting, the imbalance would be much less serious, because the world's poor need desperately to buy, and would want to spend those dollars. But even the Arabs are not doing as well as they think out of their one-sided deal. They are at last beginning to recognize that, in a way, they are themselves being exploited for the benefit of the industrialized world. They are giving away their only asset, at a self-expensively — but at a pace convenient to the buyer, and highly inconvenient to the seller.

It would be best for them to market the oil in their own time, to step up production slowly, as their need for foreign exchange slowly increases. Any business consultant would give them the same advice. Other things being equal, the Arabs should nurse their oil reserves, whose availability, after all, is finite, even in the Middle East. They should dispose of the precious liquid at a cautious and calculated rate, as extra finance is required to activate the country's industrial and social development.

If they sell too much too quickly, as is happening today, they are faced with the problem of finding investments abroad for the cash that comes in. But there is nothing in the world better to invest in than the oil itself, which lies securely under their own feet. The ideal placement for the Arabs is to refrain from pumping the "black gold" out of the ground in the first place.

This dawning realization on both sides of the astonishing problem they have created in their transactions with each other is causing anxiety — on both sides. To say that Saudi Arabia will cut production to a 10 per cent growth-rate because of Israel is meaningless. Even if President Nixon throws Israel to the wolves, will King Faisal, in a spirit of gratitude, order the companies to go on increasing production by a breathtaking 100m. tons a year, as before?

JUST AS much as the Westerners, the Arabs need an agreed solution to their oil problem, and possibly more. Their wealth lies not in the oil, but in the readiness of the outside world to buy that commodity. President Sadat may fulminate about the Israel problem, because he has no oil to speak of. But King Faisal is preoccupied with something more important: how to secure that the West buys his oil more slowly, and for a longer time to come.

Therefore President Nixon's decision to maximize efforts for developing alternative energy sources should have the King's warm approval. He probably welcomes the prospect, Alaska or anywhere else, of sanctions. It can be said that OPEC was over-successful. The

of nuclear energy. On the other hand, he must make sure that the pendulum does not swing too far the other way. If the West, stimulated by the oil crisis into a fever of inventive energy, finds a way of running its cars and trucks with a new form of battery, powered by nuclear energy, there could develop a buyer's market for conventional fuels. That could be a death-blow to Faisal's monarchy — and to Saudi Arabian independence.

There are liberal-minded people in Europe who rely on the Americans to take the hard decisions, and can therefore indulge a curious sentimentalism in their political thinking. They are responsive to the high-minded statements that men like Faisal make for the record, such as his observation to Frank Jungers of Aramco that he is "not able to stand alone much longer in the Middle East as a friend of America" — if, that is, the White House does not change its posture over Israel.

Faisal is first and foremost a friend not of America, but of Faisal. It is not Israel that threatens him, but Egypt, Iraq, the Soviet Union, China. It is Egypt, not Israel, that invaded the Yemen and bombed Saudi Arabian targets before 1967. It is fear of Egypt that made Faisal beg Harold Wilson, then Prime Minister of England, not to leave Aden. Saudi Arabia is today the leading Arab power, thanks partly to Egypt's collapse in the Six Day War. If Nasser's successor, Sadat, makes friendly noises, it is not because Egypt has changed, but because Israel has altered the Middle East power balance.

IT CANNOT be denied that hostility to Israel is a problem. But for the Arab oil principalities, it is largely a rhetorical issue — a "fig-leaf" for more pressing economic objectives. To quote the "Wall Street Journal," the article (published on August 21) goes on: "Libya has nationalized American properties ostensibly over Israel, but it has nationalized British properties ostensibly over the Persian Gulf islands of Abu Musa, Greater Tunb and Lesser Tunb."

In other words, the oil blackmail is a political bluff, reminiscent of the techniques commonly used in blackmailing. The object is to make kindly-minded people panic. The question for Western statesmen to consider is whether to call the bluff, or submit. If they submit, it will be another defeat for Western interests.

If the West maintains its position and does not yield, one thing at least is clear: the oil problem will not be materially affected. If the Arabs are trying to pretend that they would voluntarily like to step up their oil sales, but are prevented from doing so by U.S. policies in the Middle East, that is a gambit which even the least sophisticated listener cannot accept.

As to King Faisal, his mind is evidently divided. He wants to speak up against Israel — the Arabs expect it of him. But it is far from certain that he wishes the Americans to treat his gently-reproaches as an ultimatum.

مكة من الحرم

THE CUBAN CONNECTION

THE CUBAN-JEWISH connection goes back to the very beginnings of European settlement on the island. The first white man to set foot on the Caribbean island was Luis de Torres, official interpreter to Christopher Columbus. Like many other members of the crews of the Santa Maria, the Nina and the Pinta, Torres was a Jew. (Many Spanish Jews and Marranos had joined the 1492 expedition in the hope of finding religious freedom beyond the confines of Europe and the domination of the Inquisition.) But Luis also has the distinction of being the first white man to till the soil of the New World, for he himself worked the land he acquired in Cuba, where he remained until his death.

Four centuries later, in 1898, Cuba succeeded in breaking free of the Spanish yoke following what Cubans dislike hearing referred to as the Spanish-American War. The liberation movement gained considerable support among liberal-minded American Jews. Jose Martí, the hero of the Cuban freedom movement, whose voluminous writings are still the gospel of Castro's Cuba (much more so than Marx's "Das Kapital" or even the Communist Manifesto) are lived in New York for many years and made a number of Jewish friends. Among them was a Brooklyn advocate, Horatio Rubens, who, after making a name for himself as a labour lawyer, threw in his lot with Martí. Rubens became a colonel in the Cuban Liberation Army and launched a kind of United Cuban Appeal among Florida Jewry to raise funds for the movement.

Some of these Jewish supporters settled in Havana after 1898, forming the nucleus of what was to become a flourishing community. They were joined by East European Jews after the 1905 pogroms, and the community was further augmented by refugees from Hitler's Europe. More German Jews might have found their way to Cuba had Batista not attempted to make a profit on at least one shipload by demanding half a million dollars in return for allowing them to enter the country. The community continued to flourish, living comfortably in an island that is just and beautiful, produces the world's finest cigars, and is inhabited by a good-natured and tolerant people.

Many Cuban Jews supported Fidel Castro at the beginning of the Revolution in 1959, until the dispossession of the bourgeoisie had the majority of the 10,000-strong community to emigrate. The communist records contain a photograph showing Jewish leaders handing Castro a cheque for a handsome sum to help the work of the Revolution. He, in return, treated the Jewish community well.

HAVANA'S SYNAGOGUES, including one Sephardi place of worship, are open and each has a mikveh every Shabbat; the main synagogue prides itself on being open day and night throughout the week. It is a point of honour among the 1,000 Jews still remaining in Havana, including the non-Orthodox among them, to see that mikveh is always available. The imposing Patronato Jewish Club continues to provide communal facilities. The restaurant has a White Russian chef, whose services are used by the Soviet Embassy when authentic Russian cuisine is required for diplomatic receptions. The Patronato

Cuba's impetuous Fidel Castro this week suddenly broke off relations with Israel. Having resisted Soviet pressure since 1967, Fidel finally made the rupture to appease Libya's Gaddafi, who branded Cuba a Soviet satellite because of her Israel ties. Yet there is more to Castro's feelings for the Jews and Israel than this disappointing episode would imply. Special correspondent GERTRUDE MILLER reports.



Fidel Castro takes time off from politics to work in the sugar fields. (Camera Press)

was released and Fidel made him the pilot of his personal plane. Klein was killed in an air-crash a few years later and buried with military honours in the Jewish cemetery.

Apart from his friendship for Martín Klein and for Don Ricardo Subirana y Lobo, the first and only Cuban Minister to Israel, and the support given to early Cuban independence by men like Colonel Horatio Rubens, there may be another reason for Castro's un-Communist attitude to his Jewish community. Fidel, who is today only just 47, is very much a man of his times. Unlike other Communist leaders (or perhaps because he is not an ideologically dedicated Communist), he understands the importance of public relations and of maintaining a democratic image. Moreover, he does not want to be tarred as an anti-Semite in the eyes of the American "new left," so many of whom are Jews and whom he regards as potential allies.

Even more interesting, Fidel Castro is perhaps the only leader of a Communist regime who understands the essence of Zionism. He has, as a Latin American and even more as the son of a Spanish immigrant, a natural comprehension of the concept of a mother-country other than one's native land. To all Spanish-speaking Latin Americans, Spain is the *madre patria*. It is therefore no coincidence that for many years after Castro's accession to power, the passports of Jews leaving Cuba for Israel bore the special endorsement *repatriado* ("repatriated"). Unlike the emigrants who left for Miami — the *gusos* ("worms") or *yordim* in Israeli terminology — the repatriated emigrants were allowed, until the Customs authorities intervened, to take many of their possessions with them.

THE RUPTURE of diplomatic relations with Israel is out of keeping with Castro's character. He is an emotional man and his first and greatest love is Cuba and its people. He resisted Soviet pressure to break with Israel immediately after the Six Day War not only because of his proclaimed refusal to sever relations with any country purely on

political grounds, but even more because he appreciated that from Israel he could learn many things which would be good for Cuba. He reads avidly and there is scarcely a scientific paper delivered by an Israeli expert at an international conference that he has not studied, particularly if it deals with his favourite theme of agricultural development. For example, he was so fascinated by Prof. Dan Goldberg's paper delivered at a Mexican conference on the topic of drip irrigation for arid zones, that he immediately arranged for the Israeli scientist to be invited to lecture on the subject in Havana, even though Cuba, with its abundant rainfall, has scarcely any arid areas. Moreover, Castro understood and perhaps envied the spirit that animates Israel.

"Why is it," he once asked a visiting Jewish businessman, "that you take a little Jewish tailor from Brooklyn or the side-streets of Havana, put him on a plane, and he lands in Israel a few hours later a fighter, a pioneer and a man prepared to work on no land?" And he added: "You can't give me the answer. You're not an Israeli."

economic embargo. But the Cubans have their own kind of Masada or *lugar* complex.

The news from the Middle East published in "Granma" came directly from Arab sources and it was a minor achievement when the Legation managed to persuade the editors, in presenting the Arab version of a border incident, to add, "But Tel Aviv reports that..."

On the other hand, one met Cubans who would say, "You and we have at least one thing in common: we are both encircled by enemies." To which the Israelis would reply wryly, "Well, there was a time when we would have felt a lot safer with 90 miles of water between us and our neighbours."

OVER THE PAST few years, it has not been very pleasant for the Israelis to watch the growing friendship between Cuba and the Arab terrorist organizations. It has been partly due to semantics.

It must be remembered that to the bearded men who fought Batista's army in the Sierra Maestra (and they are the only men allowed to sport beards today) the word "guerrilla" (*guerrillero* in Spanish) is sacred and the Vietcong are their heroes. Che Guevara, more of a quixotic idealist and less of a political opportunist than Fidel, had made Vietnam a symbol of courage and an example to be followed. His slogan, "We shall create two, three and more Vietnams," is still placarded all over Cuba. And as for aerial hijacking, this was used by the Cubans as a way of bringing comrades without passports to the "first free territory in America" — the country's most common slogan.

Although he now soft-pedals the subject, it is doubtful whether Castro has entirely given up his dream of exporting revolution along with sugar, cigars, rum and nickel. It is just possible that he is using Yasser Arafat for his own ends, and that the intention behind the aid he is alleged to be giving to the terrorists is to foster eventual revolution in the Arab world. He certainly does not believe that the present Arab leaders are his ideological competitors. As one senior official commented in a private conversation, "Of course we know that Arab socialism is spurious."

Nevertheless, Fidel's decision to sever relations with Israel has come as a shock. It is just because he has so often had the courage of his convictions that it is such a sorry business. One did not expect it from a man who did not flinch from telling his people the truth about the fiasco of the loudly heralded record sugar harvest of 1970 and putting the blame squarely on himself and the revolutionary leadership; or from a man who could admit publicly that it was easier to make a revolution than run a country.

IF THERE is one man to whom the news must have come as a personal blow, it is the Cuban Minister in Israel, Don Ricardo Subirana y Lobo, one of the few Cubans still addressed by this high-sounding title, is an esteemed and highly successful chemical engineer, who came to Cuba over 60 years ago. He had given invaluable help to Fidel when he launched his first preparations for the Revolution, and the relationship between the two men is warm and close despite the generation gap. When Fidel made his triumphant entry into Havana in 1959, he is said to have asked Don Ricardo with what office the Revolution could reward him. And the latter is reported to have replied:

"Fidel, you know I am a Jew and a lifelong Zionist Socialist. The only thing I really want is to be the representative of Cuba in Israel."

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Washington's next step in the Middle East

Daniel Gottlieb

ARAB OIL PRESSURE has produced no visible changes in U.S. policy on the Middle East, but the emphasis and tone of that policy are entering a new phase.

The clear impression gained from talks with officials here is that the United States is looking to Israel for something to help it out of its current difficulties with the Arab world.

Putting together what officials are saying privately and what President Nixon and his Secretary of State-designate, Dr. Henry Kissinger, are saying publicly, one gathers that the Administration will shortly be making a new try at bringing about Arab-Israeli negotiations.

This will not become visible before the Israeli elections next month and probably not until the conclusion of the annual U.N. General Assembly debate. But officials here are already dropping hints of dissatisfaction with Israel's current stance toward peace, even though they acknowledge that the primary obstacle is the lack of a decision by Cairo to negotiate.

Officials hasten to add that the United States will not ask Israel to change its position on the territories. That is, the Administration still feels

there must be no pre-conditions for negotiations, but there are certain positions which Israel could take which would not be costly to its security and might help get the negotiating process started, it is explained.

Speaking purely illustratively, the officials said that it might be helpful if Israel stated its readiness to negotiate on all subjects contained in Resolution 242.

Again, purely illustratively, they said that it would not be helpful if Israel kept saying that it would not return to its prewar boundaries.

Israel does not have to give up its basic position, they said, but the United States would not like to see Israel make the same kind of response it made to Dr. Jarring on February 1, 1971, when it insisted that it would "not withdraw to the armistice lines of June 4, 1967."

This seeming contradiction is explained by the feeling here that although Israel has indicated willingness to negotiate, it has not yet come to grips with the issues which would be posed by an Arab agreement to talk.

It is conceivable, officials say, that after the Israeli elections, Sadat might be looking for a face-saving way to start negotiations and that Israel could either be helpful or not helpful in bringing this about.

WILEN ASSISTANT SECRETARY

of State Joseph Blum said a couple of months ago that the United States hoped that Israel would help prime the pump of negotiations, the only response, officials said, was President Nixon's interview with the "New York Times" last month. As reported by the "Times," Blum said, in effect, that there were no new ideas and the passage of time was a factor for peace.

The new Labour Party platform on settlement and land purchases in occupied territories, while not objected to specifically, is also cited as an example of a trend which could discourage negotiations.

What is behind this apparent American belief that the right public noises from Israel are a key element in the prospects for negotiations?

Officials acknowledge that the Israeli strategy of waiting for an Arab decision to negotiate has, to a considerable degree, been successful. But they insist that continuation of the present situation of "no war, no peace" may fail to achieve the goals of either the United States or Israel in the Middle East.

How much of a factor oil represents in making the United States impatient with the current Arab-Israeli stalemate is hard to tell, but it is becoming clear that other factors are also at work.

The impatience with both sides expressed by President Nixon at his September 5 press conference (both the Arabs and Israel are at fault, he said) can be explained, perhaps, by the penchant of the "Nixonger" foreign policy to keep up the momentum towards a generation of peace. The Middle East is the one remaining, large unduly area of the world which lacks a peace agreement and where U.S.-Soviet interests could collide.

Dr. Kissinger told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee during

the hearings on his nomination this week that, despite his sympathies for the plight of persecuted Soviet scientists, intellectuals and Jews, he felt the United States should not let the Arab-Israeli conflict in the way of détente.

He said very little directly about the Middle East other than that Administration policy had been changing and that "both sides have to make some movement." But his emphasis on the importance of continuing the process of détente provided a clue to how hard the Administration might try again to bring about Middle East negotiations.

It is extremely unlikely that the Administration, having already made the basic commitment for arms supplies to Israel for the next four years, would delay new peace sales for concessions.

As an Israeli source recently pointed out, even if the United States should be tempted to sell Israel out in response to Arab pressure on oil, Israel is not so saleable any more.

Officials here clearly recognize Israel's increasing self-reliance in defense. The influence which they apparently hope to have on Israel is not that of a big power to a client-state but rather of one ally to another.

"After all," said one official somewhat plaintively, "we are the one friend they've got."

This perception of Israel as isolated stems, no doubt, from the increasing American feeling of isolation on the Middle East at the United Nations. As one Israeli diplomat there pointed out recently, however, there is the shadow world of the U.N. and the rest of the world of the Middle East.

IN THE SHADOW WORLD, Israel appears beleaguered and lonely. In the real world, its position has never been better, he said.

It is this view which appears to find less acceptance in Washington today than it did, perhaps, a year ago.

One can easily attribute this change to the message passed on, first privately and then publicly, to Washington by King Faisal.

The Administration chose to play up the King's threat through statements acknowledging oil as a factor in Middle East diplomacy and the importance of increased imports from the Persian Gulf through the mid-1980s.

President Nixon, himself, has used the threat of an Arab curb on U.S. oil supplies to galvanize action from Congress on long term measures to reduce U.S. dependence on imports.

Yet there are indications that the Administration understands the pressures on King Faisal who is trying to counter the militancy of the radical Arab governments with his own style of pressure on the United States. One senses that the Administration would like to be able to show the king and other moderate Arab leaders some sign that the United States is not just endorsing Israeli policy.

The privately communicated request to Israel is to try to help without sacrificing Israeli interests.

The United States to maintain its credibility as able to do something for the Arabs.

The official policy, repeated by Dr. Kissinger to the Foreign Relations Committee on September 7, is that "The United States cannot substitute for the actions of the parties most immediately concerned" in the Middle East.

But what officials seem to be pleading privately is that Israel not flout its toughest stance on negotiations, pending another U.S. try at bringing the Arabs to the negotiating table.



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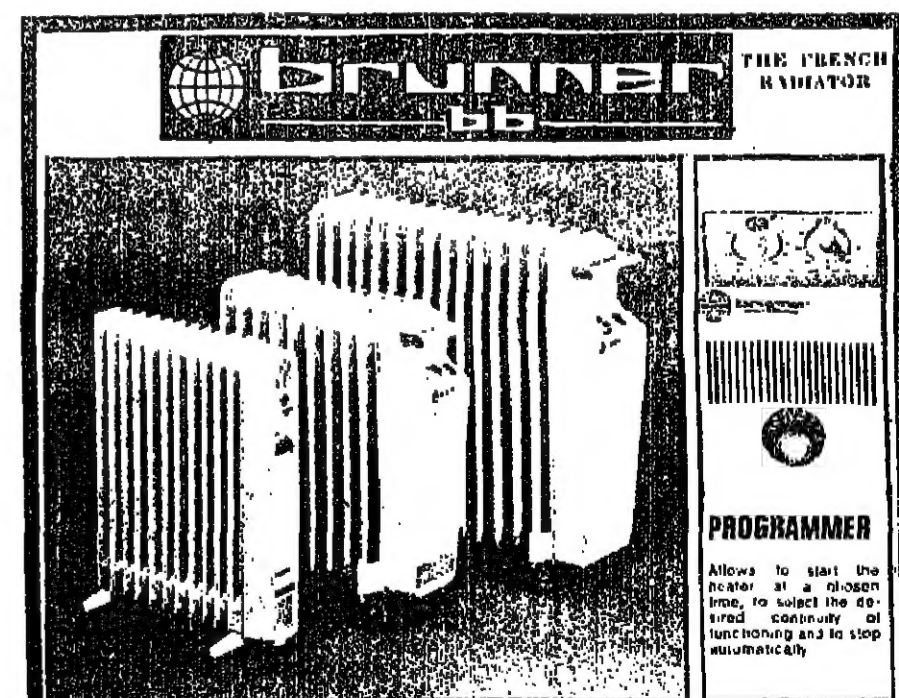
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CONDEMNED VILLAGE

The day the first jumbo jet roared down to a landing at Lod, the fate of Beit Dagon appeared to be sealed. Since then, the noise of the jet has been almost drowned by the noise of the arguments over what is going to happen to the ramshackle settlement. CATHERINE ROSENHEIM went to check the situation. SHALOM BAR-TAL took the picture.

FOR THREE YEARS now, the fate of Beit Dagon has hung in the balance. Last month, the Interior Committee of the Knesset, headed by Mordechai Surkiss, proclaimed finally: Beit Dagon is to be evacuated completely.

The principal reason for the decision is the settlement's proximity to Lod Airport's jumbo runway and the fact that surveys have indicated that by the end of this decade, the volume of noise from jumbo take-offs and landings will have reached a pitch where it is not only troublesome, but a positive danger, possibly causing deafness in children.

Says Mordechai Surkiss: "Regardless of the noise factor, I personally am deeply ashamed that such a place should exist at all. It was started some 25 years ago as a temporary housing site for immigrants. It is utterly neglected, and most of its families live in appalling housing conditions with poor services. I don't see it as an organized, permanent settlement at all: it can only be compared to a ma'abara."

A visit to Beit Dagon confirms this view. Perhaps the authorities themselves are ashamed of Beit Dagon's existence for there is no signpost on the main Jerusalem-Tel Aviv highway indicating where it lies, close to the Beit Dagon meteorological institute. Most people are unaware of the settlement's existence at all. The initial impression is of a strange blend of poor shuff and Arab village: small, tumble-down houses are scattered to each side of a narrow, winding lane that leads to the village "centre," where the only building with any appearance of permanence is the local council office. Shopping facilities consist of a small grocer's and a green-grocer's, and a barber's shop; the only thing approaching a recreation facility is a little pavement cafe.

The arrival of a stranger, especially a stranger in a car, arouses immediate interest, and some suspicious glances. The people of Beit Dagon have been waiting for so long to hear what their future is to be that any outsider is viewed with uncertainty. What is his business? What does he want to know? The paradox of the place is that, despite the seemingly intolerable, sub-slum conditions (most houses have an outside toilet, some not even that), Beit Dagon's population of 720 families are by no means happy at the prospect of being provided with brand new homes elsewhere. Closer acquaintance with some of them provides the explanation.

In addition to its more obvious problems, Beit Dagon has been suffering from shaky local politics and a deep split in its administration. Michael Amar, the recently-appointed chairman of the local council, explains his point of view.

"When the long-dreaded jumbo took off from Lod for the first time, we in Beit Dagon found that the noise was far from what we had been led to expect. If anything, it was less than

what we had been used to. We see the whole thing as an excuse to stop development in Beit Dagon, to withhold services, and to push us out of our homes in order to expand the airport. Noise here is certainly no worse than in Azur, or even parts of Rishon. When the television crews and press come here, they show only the worst side of the place.

"Admittedly, some of our people do live in appalling conditions, 40 per cent of them in old Arab houses. But they don't know the other side on television: the families who have improved their homes at great expense, turned them into real villas. We are caught in a vicious circle: for three years the noise from the airport has been used as an excuse to freeze development — so of course, no one in the old houses can improve their conditions. At the same time, there is a complete lack of coordination. If we are to be thrown out of here, then why should the Housing Ministry build even 30 flats a year here? Why was approval given for the IL350,000 we recently invested in the school and the IL240,000 spent on roads just completed?"

"When we appeal to the Minister of Finance, he says, 'Who told you there was a freeze on building?' The Minister of Welfare says, 'Maybe we could build some public lavatories.' Of course we welcome a decision one way or the other, if it has to come. But till now, everyone has been passing the buck."

"What worries us most, and infuriates the residents, is the deep-founded suspicion that we are to be pushed out, not because of the noise but so that the area can be developed for the benefit of others. I am only prepared to leave here if I am given the firmest assurance that the area will not be used for residential purposes. What if they re-house some and leave others behind, and the place just deteriorates into a settlement of welfare-case pensioners?"

BEIT DAGON'S initial settlers were immigrants at the time of the founding of the State, mostly from Bulgaria and Egypt. Those who could help themselves moved out; others with no means and no alternative stayed on; and now settlers, or squatters, moved in, switching the population to one of mainly Moroccan, and Yemenite origin. Michael Amar says that one of the better things about Beit Dagon is the cultural tradition built up by its residents, and their close ties with each other. "It would be tragic to break up this nucleus."

Menashe Gredi, another local council member and a father of four, has lived in Beit Dagon for 25 years. He admits that there is a noise problem, but is particularly concerned at the idea of leaving a house in which he has invested all his savings, and which he describes as "a villa which would cost at least IL150,000 to rebuild anywhere else."

Yaniv, Vakhin, of North Africa.



(Above) One of the "quiet" streets. (Below) The local parliament.



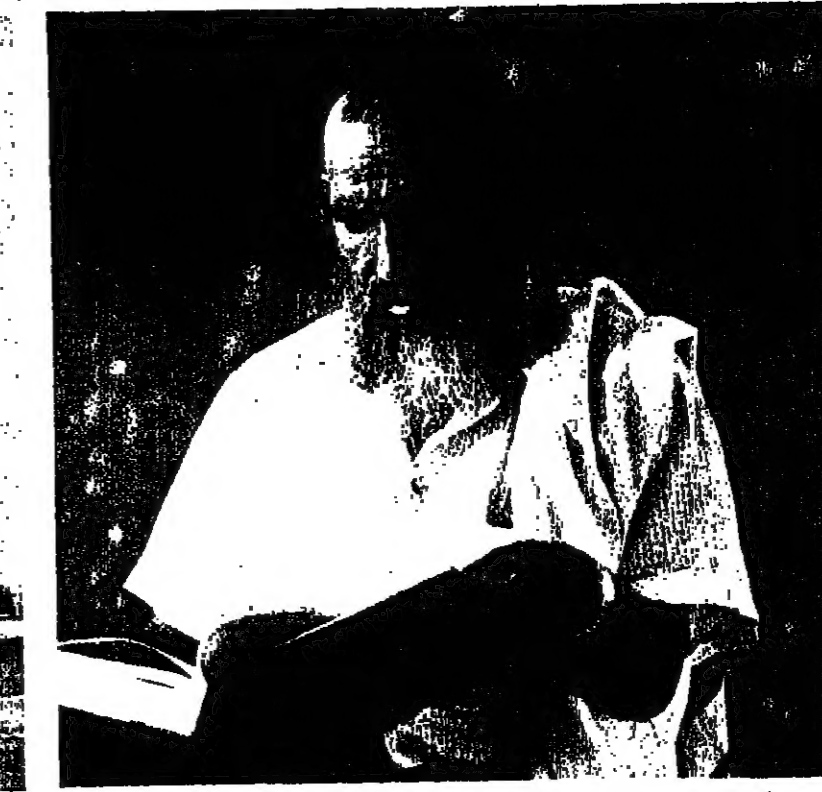
A street resembling a refugee camp.



Walk feature protest slogans.



(Above) A "playground." (Below) Yemenite Talmud scholar.



can origin, has lived in Beit Dagon for 17 years in the two-roomed house he obtained from Anidar.

Its condition is horrible: deep cracks in all the walls, a roof that leaks constantly all winter. In summer, the heat indoors is unbearable and his five children suffer the whole season from skin diseases and rashes from mosquitoes, heat and humidity. There can be little doubt that he would be better off in virtually any modern shikun, yet despite the slum conditions, he, too, is reluctant to leave a place where he has strong ties, especially as his very large family all live here.

Seventeen-year-old Joseph, one of a family of ten children all born and brought up in Beit Dagon, lives in one of the "villa" areas, the Kaplan Quarter. In contrast to the slum areas of Arab shacks, the unnamed roads here are wider, and most of the houses are surrounded by neat, well-tended gardens. Joseph's father recently spent IL70,000 on improvements to his house, adding a second storey and turning it into a home with all "mod. cons." He is understandably reluctant to leave Beit Dagon.

Joseph, on the other hand, expresses the view of the settlement's teenagers when he says, "The main problem for us is boredom. What is there for us to do here? No cinema, nothing, and a two-kilometre walk to the main road if you want to get a bus into Tel Aviv. Why do you think there's so much teenage crime here? The kids just have nothing better to do. A boy aged 12 in the next street has already been arrested 27 times for theft — he's not the only one either."

THE MORE ONE speaks to the people of Beit Dagon, the more aware one becomes of the inconsistencies. The 30 flats just completed — almost definitely slated for demolition now in any case — are still uninhabited, and young couples have been besieging the local council offices and demonstrating violently. Mr. Amar explains that the reason keys have not yet been handed over is that there are problems with the Electricity Company over the power supply.

"They claim we need to spend thousands of pounds on a new generator. For that reason, too, a recently constructed sports ground, in which we invested a lot of money, cannot be used at night: the equipment is lying there, the spotlights are in place. But no electricity."

On the afternoon I visited Beit Dagon, the problem of airport noise seemed to be grossly exaggerated. In two hours, only one jumbo passed overhead. It was not a deafening experience. Of course, in five years' time things may be very different, but at present, people in Beit Dagon seem to suffer from less noise than those in Tel Aviv's new "luxury" quarter in the "J. Plan" area.

What most residents of Beit Dagon hope for is a completely new settlement within the same region as their present 1,300 du-

names. They dread the idea of piecemeal re-housing, to be dragged out over years during which conditions will get progressively worse as the dissolution of the old place proceeds. This, it seems, is out of the question. Although there is no precedent for the rehousing of a complete settlement such as Beit Dagon, Mordechai Surkiss is one of those who feel that a textbook copy, with the same population mix and the same high proportion of welfare cases, would be exceedingly unhealthy. His committee has appointed Joseph Sharon, Director-General of the Ministry of Housing, to take charge of the entire re-housing project.

WHEN ASKED by Michael Amar what would happen to the 30 flats recently completed, Mr. Surkiss replied: "That may have been wasted development, but if we are talking in terms of a Government investment of millions on this project, another million added to the budget is neither here nor there."

Mr. Sharon was not available for comment on his new assignment, but his assistant, Benny Dwir, told me that he had already begun work on it.

"He has met representatives of the local council and will work in close cooperation with them at every step. Ministry of Housing sociologists have nearly completed a house-to-house survey, and we shall receive their report within a matter of days. On the basis of this, a detailed plan for the next few years will be made."

In theory, the entire rehousing scheme could be completed in two years, but that depends on the funds available for immediate investment. We know already that we are not going to set up a complete alternative settlement, but are going to integrate Beit Dagon's population into several existing residential areas, most of them probably close by. There would be no point at all in investing so much money only to create a new "instant slum".

The Union of Local Authorities tends to take the side of Beit Dagon's residents in their fight to stay where they are, albeit with improved conditions.

The Union's spokesman, Yitzhak Shulman, who feels that with all its problems, Beit Dagon has a lot of positive elements well worth preserving, says, "I doubt if the Government has the strength to remove the settlement."

Pinhas Eylon, Chairman of the Union, is deeply concerned about the fate of Beit Dagon.

"People there haven't been given a chance: one hand of the Government allows some development, the other decrees evacuation. As a body, we are opposed to evacuation of existing settlements. We would rather see improvement from within. Of course, all aspects must be weighed. Personally, I shall not be satisfied at any Government decision until I have seen the results of all the reports and surveys. Partial demolition and the building of a new quarter might be all it needs to solve Beit Dagon's problems."

مكثان النجمل

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF MEDITATION

Transcendental Meditation has come to Zion, where it is drawing a goodly number of disciples. But what is it? Not so much an alleged cure-all, reports **HELGA DUDMAN**, as a "fourth state of consciousness" which increases man's "creative intelligence."

UNTIL THE RECENT visit of a Greek-born research engineer at the Radio Physics Laboratory of the Stanford Research Institute in California, I had no idea that Israel has nearly 2,000 "transcendental meditators"; ten qualified teachers of "TM," all of whom studied with Maharishi Mahesh Yogi either in America, Europe or India; and a full-fledged "Meditation Society" (as in 51 other countries), duly registered here as a non-profit society in 1968. And it was certainly surprising to learn that the globe-trotting, rose-strewn Maharishi plans to establish an "Institute of Creative Intelligence Academy" in Jerusalem, to cost \$10.5m., as part of his "Maharishi International University."

Dr. Demetri Kanellakos, a clean-cut and boyish-looking 41, who left Greece for the U.S. in 1951, was here as the guest of the International Meditation Society of Israel for a series of lectures, including two at the physiology departments of the Hebrew University and Tel Aviv University. His contact with this country stemmed from inquiries by an Israeli biochemist long troubled by migraine headaches, who had heard of good results at Stanford with similarly afflicted meditators. For the past three years, since a few months after he himself became a "meditator," Dr. Kanellakos has been leading a project on the "psycho-physiology of meditation" at the Research Institute, financed largely by U.S. government funds.

"I was to be in Athens anyway, so I was very glad to be able to come here," he told me. He was one of 350 Greek scientists working "in the diaspora" invited by the government to discuss "ways to help Greece." I asked whether his engineering background played any role in his TM research.

"Not really, though I am, of course, more familiar with the equipment used to measure results."

THESE RESULTS, part of the "TM boom," are reflected in the growing bulk of scientific statistics from research institutions and universities throughout the world, dealing with the technique of transcendental meditation, a curious combination of ancient Indian mysticism with the American urge for measurable self-improvement.

High blood pressure, ulcers, tension, headaches, irritability, insomnia, mental illness, asthma, dependence on prescribed drugs, addiction to illegal drugs, epilepsy, even dental caries, not to forget "reduction or elimination of the effects of crossing time-zones during air travel" — these are just some of the ills which have been relieved, often dramatically, by TM, and confirmed by controlled studies at research institutions. Addition to alcohol and cigarettes has also been helped, but less dramatically.

The long list of health improvements are, however, only side effects which have recently come to the attention of scientists. The main object of TM is quite different: to achieve the "fourth state of consciousness" (as distinguished from being awake, dreaming, and sleeping deeply) — a state, so it is explained, which reduces stress and increases "creative intelligence," thus permitting us to use that submerged potential of our capacities which is dormant in most of us.

What distinguishes TM from other forms of meditation — Zen, yoga — is that it is simple and easy to learn (in four lessons; and ten-year-old children are said to master it nicely), requires no lotus-position or standing on your head (you do it twice a day for five to 20 minutes in a comfortable chair) and is independent of any philosophy, life-style, or religion, and therefore suitable for either stockbrokers or drop-outs.

When Dr. Kanellakos explained the principles of TM at a public meeting at Beit Sokolow, he appeared on the platform together with a bearded and radiant-looking young English physicist now living in Jaffa and teaching TM; and with Reuma Rekhev, the moving force behind the Israeli society, who is probably unique in combining a Palmah past, a career with Bank Leumi, and a course of instruction with Maharishi Mahesh Yogi in India.

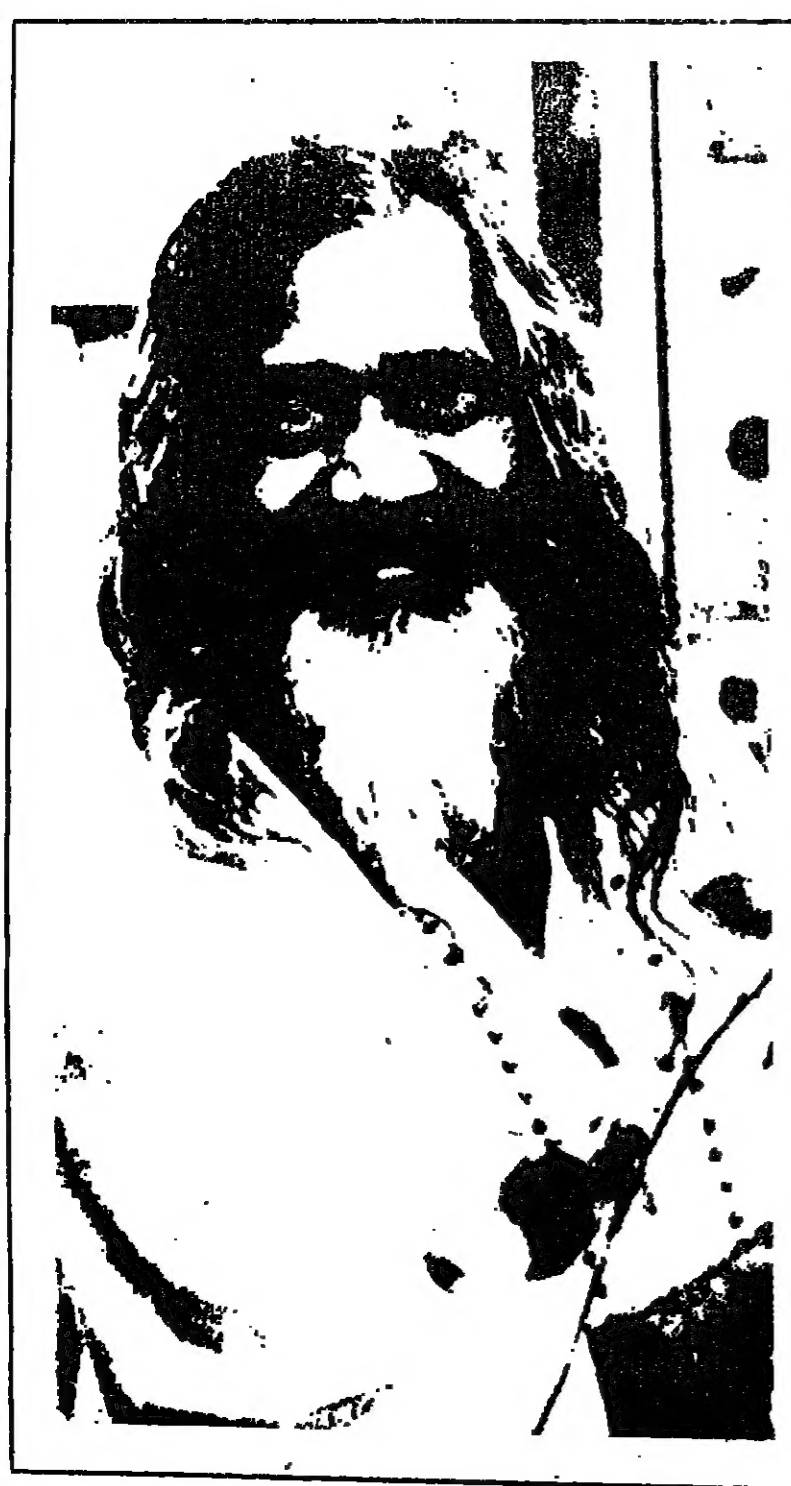
All three of them look as though they know some marvelous secret which the rest of us don't, whispered one Israeli in the audience.

LIKE ANY EXPERIENCE related to mysticism, TM seems impossible to describe, other than by such terms as "a form of rest deeper than sleep" but at the same time "a state of calm and alert wakefulness."

What is remarkable is the list of distinct and measurable physiological changes that occur during TM. Research investigators reporting on yoga or Zen during the 1950s and 1960s indicated that a reduction in the metabolic rate could be achieved by monks with many years of experience; but with the rapid spread of TM and its "instant expertise," scientists at more than 40 institutions throughout the world now have many thousands of subjects available for their research projects. One of Dr. Kanellakos' projects at Stanford has been the compilation of papers from all possible sources on the "Psycho-Physiology of Consciousness."

It has been established, for example, that the rate of oxygen consumption (cc per minute) decreases dramatically during TM. Total oxygen consumed during a short period of TM shows a mean decrease of 20 per cent — greater than the mean decrease over a full night's sleep. The rate of respiration also decreases, on an average of two breaths less per minute than in normal wakefulness. The amount of blood pumped by the heart decreases on an average of 25 per cent, compared with about 20 per cent during deep sleep; the heart rate also decreases. Oxygen consumption, being the most "convenient" measure of metabolic activity, indicates that the metabolic rate falls to a lower level during TM than during sleep.

These observations were made jointly by Dr. R. K. Wallace, a



Ph.D. in physiology, (who also turns out to be the President of "Maharishi International University"), and Dr. Herbert Benson, Assistant Professor of Medicine at Harvard, and were published in such journals as "Scientific American" and "The Lancet."

But although, during TM, the heart works less, it seems at the same time to pump more blood to the extremities: up to 300 per cent more in volume "in the forearm of a meditator," as observed by a German researcher and published in a German medical journal.

Other changes involve "galvanic skin resistance," thought to be an indicator of stress. When a subject is under stress, measurable skin resistance to the flow of electrical current drops; TM increases the "GSR" by a factor of two to eight, whereas over eight hours of sleep, it increases by a factor of about two.

IT SEEMS, therefore, that some functions of the heart and lungs, and of the body's bio-chemistry, can be controlled at will. I asked Dr. Kanellakos whether this was like another discovery, which I had read about in the American press, called "visceral learning," by which patients can control their own blood pressure.

Not really, said Dr. Kanellakos; visceral learning isolated one biological factor — blood pressure — but there was a risk that at the same time it might cause undesirable changes in related factors, such as heartbeat. This was why the sale of the visceral learning gadgets (only he

called it "bio-feedback") that had been put on the market in the U.S. had now been made illegal except to qualified researchers.

"After all," he said, "we are not a lung or a liver or an eye — we are a totality. TM is a spontaneous, natural process, and normalizes our 'holistic' response. Actually, we are very well balanced — or rather, we are capable of being so."

One question I eagerly asked had to do with a personal obsession involving mind over matter: air-conditioning, as an unnecessary and unpleasant manipulation of the environment. Dr. Kanellakos took it up readily.

"I am a 'jogger' as well as a meditator, and I found that since I started meditating, I'm much more resistant to extremes of temperature. This interested me, so I got in touch with meditators who also jog daily and found that most of them have had the same experience. Of course, much of this is psychological in any case, and the more people talk about the heat, the more unpleasant it is. Meditators show a more stable response to any sort of stressful situation than do non-meditators."

FROM AIR-CONDITIONING to drugs. The voluntary reduction of drug use as a result of TM has been well documented. In fact, the U.S. Army now has a TM teacher on its payroll and one of its military supporters is Maj. Gen. F.M. Davis, commandant of the Army War College, who found that his blood pressure dropped 10 points after two weeks of TM. Dr. Kanellakos has been invited to the Pentagon to discuss TM and, at another level, the Maharishi was at the Skylab space capsule as the guest of one of the astronauts.

One survey of drug users turned meditators, by Wallace and Benson, showed that of a sample of 1,862, 80 per cent had used marijuana and 48 per cent, LSD. After 21 months of TM, only 13 per cent of the users still continued with marijuana and 4 per cent with LSD.

At UCLA, a student report in "Studies in the Sociology of Deviant Behaviour" gave the results of an investigation of 484 young people, aged between 15 and 30, who attended a three-month TM course. Of these, 143 had previously been regular drug users — including 42 who, in addition to marijuana and other "soft" drugs, regularly used heroin, opium and other "hard" drugs.

After the course, the decrease was conspicuously uniform for three categories — those who regularly had used marijuana, other hallucinogens and "hard" drugs. About 85 per cent of them had stopped and about 14 per cent had decreased their usage. Usual reasons for quitting: "This is more fulfilling"; "Drug experience becomes less pleasurable"; "Desire for drugs diminishes."

Not that it really matters in this connection, but perhaps, I asked, those on drugs might be a self-selected group with a built-in inclination to TM? Dr. Kanellakos, readily perceiving that



Israel remains a backwater on the drug scene, brought me up to date on San Mateo High School, in a location I remember well, many years ago, as a tranquil suburb of San Francisco.

"Six per cent of those high school seniors have used heroin," he said.

HE HIMSELF, one can safely assume, was neither an addict nor a dropout when he started meditating three-and-a-half years ago. What was his motivation?

"I wondered whether there might not be more to life than work and what is called pleasure; also, I began to question who I am, and why I am here..." Since none of these queries has ever occurred to me, I asked about the results.

"It took me over a year to adjust — and I was quite embarrassed at first. I used to hide TM reading material inside other books... But then I found I was working much better. Whereas before I would jump from problem to problem without getting anything done, or find myself pressured and incapacitated by deadlines, I noticed that after starting to meditate, I began working efficiently and effectively — and tasks that I'd tended to postpone somehow 'got themselves done'."

"And then, when I re-read Plato — yes, of course in Greek — I understood meanings that had completely escaped me earlier. The same happened in my enjoyment of music."

I asked dubiously if Dr. Kanellakos' boyish looks and manner might also spring from TM. "Don't laugh," he said, "but you should see pictures of me taken five years ago. A lot of meditators look five or ten years younger than their age after two or three years of practice. In fact, word of mouth is the most usual path of spreading the idea. People suddenly notice that a friend is acting much more cheerful and pleasant, and looking better..."

OF HIS appearances here before physiologists Dr. Kanellakos said, "I didn't find Israeli audiences as argumentative as I'd been warned they'd be. Everybody wanted me to show them 'how to do it!' But what I did was suggest that research be done here in the field, because there are some fascinating topics. On hormonal reactions, for instance, which is being studied at the Hebrew University in any case."

Israel's Meditation Society has branches in the three main cities, with headquarters in Tel Aviv. Advertisements appear regularly in the press announcing public meetings in both Hebrew and English. Attendance at two is a pre-requisite to the "course of instruction," given on four consecutive days. The cost — it's called a "contribution" — is IL200 for an adult, IL100 for a student, and similarly adjusted rates for families and soldiers — of whom not a few are meditators," according to Reuma Rekhev. "And nobody gets rich from this — we have expenses, and all the administrative work is done by volunteers."

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1973

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**VATZLAV: A PLAY IN 77
SCENES** by Slawomir Mrozek.
Translated from the Polish by
Ralph Manheim. London, Jona-
than Cape, 109 pp. 60 p. Paper-
back.

**THE INCREASED DIFFICULTY
OF CONSTRUCTION** by Vaclav
Havel. Translated from the Czech
by Vera Blackwell. London, Jona-
than Cape, 78 pp. 60 p. Paper-
back.

ENEMIES by Maxim Gorky.
Translated from the Russian by
Kitty Hunter-Blair and Jeremy
Brookes. With introduction and
preface by Edward Braun and
Jeremy Brookes. London, Eyre
Methuen, 90 pp. £1.75.

Phyllis Gaba

THE AVERAGE motive for pick-
ing up a work of exotic origin
probably is simple curiosity. How
does a Polish play tick, how does
a Czech comfort himself dra-
matically? Considerations no more
precisely formulated than these are
what initiate the reading, but in
the plays reviewed here, reasons
much more urgent and particular
make themselves felt for going on
with it.

Slawomir Mrozek is by no means
unknown here. His earlier "Tango,"
for instance, was performed by
Habimah in 1967, and "Vatzlav,"
his most recent work, has been
produced in several countries,
though it is not clear whether it
has been more than published in
Poland.

Here is another titillating reason
for giving it attention; and on the
debit side it must be said that it
does occasionally read as if meant
to be read.

We have Oedipus making his
symbolical way through, for ex-
ample, but only in his fifth or
sixth scene does even the most
classically minded get the bio-
graphical information to identify
this intermittent blight on the pro-
ceedings. (Oedipus: I killed my
father and committed incest with
my mother. Bobbie: Good for you!)
More generally, there is the sub-
title: "A Play in 77 Scenes."

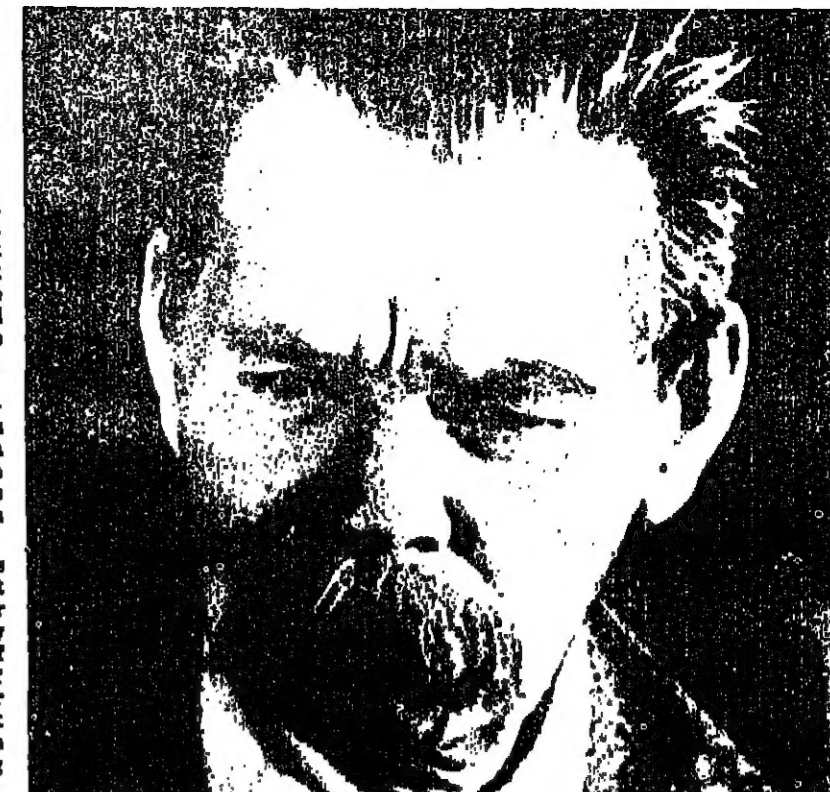
Where any entrance or exit in-
augurates a new scene, the play's
organization is perhaps more legible
than tangible.

However, this somewhat clumsy
device provides us with a way in
to a fascinating play. Vatzlav is
a name; Vatzlav is in fact a
character, with a most singular
and constant tone of voice which
is established in the first scene
and never falls thereafter. The
author is not interested in develop-
ing him as an individual, but, once
his individuality has made itself
felt, in depicting his reactions to
the society in which he finds him-
self. The subtitle is a means of in-
dicating that the play is to be
regarded as a series of encounters,
and these gradually accumulate
into a picture of a coherent-
ly crazy world. The people en-
countered are also shown by them-
selves, and affect one another quite
considerably, but Vatzlav proceeds
on his way unchanged, gaping,
exploiting, or fleeing. He is a kind
of basic ingredient of humanity,
with few preconceptions and hard-
ly any elevated attitudes — and
he tackles the diverse possibilities
of life with a literal-minded logi-
cality that reduces most values to
building-blocks for structures of
more or less convincing luxury.

Sometimes this seems no more
than witty cynicism, but even at
its most trivial it is evidence of
a mind that thinks in metaphors:
"I'll introduce myself as a travel-
er of noble family. Isn't it my
right? Suffering ennobles; after all
they've put me through, I've got
the makings of several princes with
enough left over for a good-sized
duke..."

Here is the great strength of the
play, and the security that it is
really to be viewed rather than

Scenes from behind the curtain



Maxim Gorky.

read — the author's capacity for
images, for embodying metaphors
and solidifying the general into
the particular. The naive Justine
(Justice) becomes a strip-teaser;
so that all men will pursue her;
some peasants listen to a dis-
course on the "natural and im-
prescriptible rights of man" and
remark admiringly, "Say, man's got
it good." So inventive is it that
one soon forgets to translate back
into abstracts. It does so serve the
silly old Genius right that he should
be embalmed and carried at the
head of the invading army, it takes
its place so pleasingly in the over-
all pattern of reversed expecta-
tions, that only afterwards does
one think to narrow it down to a
symbol for what happens to those
seminal, but in their later stages
unread, books, that on occasion
kick history along.

Taken in isolation, these examples
may sound coldly clever. What
makes of them a lively play, rather
than the shopping-list suggested by
the subtitle, is a glorious sort of
wunderscham about the depiction of
each. The capitalist Mr. Bak, for
example, rushes off to the forest
for raspberries; his son sees him
at it and he is in fact sucking
the blood of the people:

*Voice of Man of the People (off):
We haven't got many red corpses
left, but you're welcome...*

*Bobbie: Oh, Father, Father, so that's
your raspberries. You never told me
about your toothsome meals, your
lunches, your dinners, your snacks...*
*Vatzlav: It wasn't anything to brag
about.*

Bobbie: Maybe breakfast, too.
This goes far beyond the clicking
into place of yet another symbol.
A delighted vitality is imparted
to the idea itself, and an entire
way of life, the tone of a complete
society, is generated around the
central literalism with its glimpses
of a cozy domestic economy.

Communism gets off no better,
since it, too, loses around words
until the individuals they are meant
to sustain are battered to death
beneath them. When Justice is pro-
stituted she ends up with an il-
legitimate baby. More evocative
than this, since less circumscribed
by its "meaning," is the "wild,
free, and independent bear" for
which the new society insists it
has a place — as a castrated
dancing-bear.

Here Mrozek avoids the one-for-
one relationship between character
and significance so slavishly in-
stituted by many of the names.
The description of the bear is it-
self sufficient to establish the kind
of moral force which it represents,

without obtrusive labelling. "Vatz-
lav" would be a yet more consid-
erable play if Mrozek trusted more
to that power of language which he
attacks. Anyone who can so insert
backbone into soggy lazy metaphors
can afford to leave them to stand
up for themselves.

IN "THE INCREASED DIFFICULTY
OF CONCENTRATION," Vaclav Havel,
like Slawomir Mrozek, takes up a
topic not to be defined or dis-
missed as Communist or anti-Com-
munist. The play is, as it claims,
about the direction in which tech-
nological society is heading, as
suggested by the stylized ex-
periences of Dr. Huml, an articu-
late social scientist and cad. Again
the central interest is in language,
but here the concern is not with
the horror-world of clichés come
true, but with how one manu-
factures bigger and better clichés
of thought and of action, that will
absorb and account for yet larger
segments of life. The "concentra-
tion" of the title is at least in
part the effort to hold oneself
together as an individual with
one's own centre of being.

When dictating to his secretary,
Huml thinks in semi-colons and
parentheses, and his treatise on
values and happiness is amazingly
tautologous and self-satisfied for so
large and encompassing a subject.
But in conversation with women
he actually has his mind on Only
One Thing, and his technique is
quite as polished and mechanical
as his dictation. Little more than
an occasional variant undercurrent
is required to keep four dissimilar
affairs moving along parallel lines.
His habit of activating the same
well-tried methods to cope with
the various exigencies of his day
is underlined by the play's con-
struction.

This — perhaps easier to be
grasped in reading than in per-
formance — consists in the re-
petition of nearly the same events
with different people, which in-
volves sudden dislocated leaps to
later moments in the day. Huml's
application of the same techniques
to everyone about him, generates
a weird repetitiveness in the situ-
ations that confront him. Puzuk
constitutes one of these. Puzuk is
a robot whose function it is to
ask personal questions. These are
aimed at determining individuality
by straining out all the attributes
possessed by others as well.

Here is another difficulty in "con-
centration," the sense of one's es-
sentiality, is an actress of
communicate with, how does one

convey anything of oneself, to a
thing without any equivalent centre,
and that to function requires elec-
tricity, a constant temperature, and
to be placed this way up? — and
yet its users have put all of them-
selves into the project.

Fuzuk runs wild and asks
questions at once rude and in-
comprehensible, in its remorseless
mechanical squeak. This is re-
flected in a kind of corporate
brainstorm: the entire cast appears,
closing in on Huml. At this mo-
ment, finally, Huml the social
scientist rises to denounce Puzuk
and everything that its employment
implies — a total absence of love
and respect.

Here Havel escapes a danger, one
involved in the play as drama.
Huml's protest is the high point of
the play, in which is concentrated
everything to be said against the
vision of man as a statistical unit,
predictable and manipulable. In a
theatre-play, this would be the state-
ment, after which all else would
tidily collapse. But in fact the
speech is so written as to be dif-
ficult to follow even in reading; it
is Huml at his most professional.
Here precisely is where he too
can be catalogued, since he is be-
ing nothing but a lecture, inaudible
to the interviewer's distress. The
only way he can cheer her up
again is his usual way. And his
routine of affection and concern, for
all that it seems to attest to an
I-Thou relationship, is actually fur-
ther from reality than his denuncia-
tion, which, though over-articulate,
is genuinely impassioned.

IN CONTRAST to the other two
plays no evidently able to stand on
their own feet, Gorky's "Enemies"
may well be tackled on the basis
of its peculiar Russianness. It is en-
cased in an apparatus of chronolo-
gical table, publishing history, and
preface on the historical and socio-
logical background to the play's
composition in 1905-1908: some of
it quite necessary to comprehension.
The characters themselves spend
much time on the business and state
of being Russian rather than any-
thing else. The "enemies" are the
aristocrats and the workers in the
class-struggle. Both sides try to do
away with the situation by means
more or less sanguinary, and more
or less well attuned to the nature
of the case. The workers are uni-
ted, the aristocrats internally split;
therefore the workers will win (as
in fact they did).

This was a courageous play to
write in 1905. In consequence, it
insists rather. Only the workers
have, as a group, any real sense of
the position; the other side clings
heavily inconsistent European theo-
ries onto a specifically Russian situ-
ation. Their one representative to
understand, though not the only one
to sympathize, is an actress of
pelebian origins, a fairly minor
character, who longs "to throw arm-
fuls of words, throw them boun-
tiously, abundantly, terrifyingly... so
that the people are set alight by
them." What she looks for and can-
not find is a society whose mem-
bers respond delicately and with
precision to each state of affairs
as it arises, instead of bringing to
bear insensitive clichés. All the
others are too embroiled to produce
more than generalizations when
pressed for a statement.

All this seems fine as a descrip-
tion of what it felt like. But does
that cover everything? Gorky ap-
pears to me to fall into the trap
Chelchov (whom he greatly admired)
lays in "The Cherry Orchard." In
that play the sociological explana-
tion — effete aristocracy giving way
to a bustling bourgeoisie descended
from serfs — is offered as the easy
way out, the account of the situation
which relieves one from having to
face the fact that all the charac-
ters are weak, uncertain, miserable
people. No doubt to those involv-
ed the issues in 1905 seemed per-
fectly clear, but Gorky, by in-
sisting that they actually were so,
presents us more with a highly
stylized outline than with a fully
developed play.

Phyllis Gaba reaches in the Heb-
rew University Drama Department.

Below: Scene from Mrozek's "Tango," produced by Habimah in 1967.



PRESS REPORTS from the Soviet Union indicate that Solzhenitsyn is facing a growing threat by the Soviet authorities to settle accounts with him. Because of this, I cannot remain silent when attempts are made to label him a "traitor". I had not intended, and I find it distasteful, to enter into a dialogue on such patently unsubstantiated charges as those made by Grobman, but the intensified campaign in the Soviet press against Solzhenitsyn, and all that this implies, compels me as a former Soviet author to point to the absurdity of Grobman's insinuations.

On reading Grobman's articles, I felt I was suffocating. A cold shiver ran down my spine. I did not immediately realize what ailed me. In Russia, I had come across all sorts of pogrom-provoking articles, particularly during the "conspirationist" and other such campaigns. I recall that literary critics were labelled "bandits of the pen," spiritual asphyxiants, "homeless tramp" and "lackeys of American imperialism."

One day the time came to settle accounts with an old-established scholar who had never participated in the wars of the critics. He lectured at a university — strictly according to the book. Never expressing a heretical thought. How to begin bailing such a person? Thus came about a form of cannibalism well remembered in Russia. The new cannibalism was to be effective against even the most cautious of men, even those who kept completely silent. The cannibalism ran thus: the author was mentioned in certain plays, but kept silent about the truly patriotic works of Solzhenitsyn and Kozhevnikov.

And now Grobman advises the world (in his November 10 article) that Solzhenitsyn wrote about this and that, but KEPT SILENT about positive Jews! What, then, must be the conclusion?

Some of us decided not to answer him. Time passed, and there appears Grobman's August 3 effort. A reply spread over an entire page to all those who, for whatever reason, had taken him seriously. I read it with amazement. A reply? Not in the slightest. Simply another pail of dirt spattered over Solzhenitsyn. And with what sweep!

I HAVE followed with great interest the debate about Alexander Solzhenitsyn's alleged anti-Semitism and I have come to the conclusion that Michael Grobman (your issues of November 10, 1972 and August 3, 1973) is right — but uses the wrong argument and has damaged his case by his angry tone against some of the prominent olim from Russia. Having now been here seven years from Prague, I know that these are normal integration-pangs of all new olim. They grow out of it. Here you are free — and if it pleases them to fight the Soviet regime even by defending Solzhenitsyn — let them. My only comment would be that our quarrel is not a quarrel with the Soviets; it is a quarrel between the Russian nation — that keeps Jews captive and stifles their national life — and the Jewish nation.

That Solzhenitsyn does not choose Jews as "positive" heroes would not make his literature anti-Semitic. That Rubin in "The First Circle" is a Communist, despite the title he suffers at the hands of other Communists, is and has been a common occurrence in all the East European Communist countries. He is also curiously split in his Communism — which also is a common occurrence.

That there is no "Jewish doctor" in the "The Cancer Ward" also is not anti-Semitism. Neither would I under Solzhenitsyn's anti-Semitism Jewish characters may evoke among more primitive Russians. Grobman knows the Russian proverb that "He who wants to beat a dog will always find a stick."

Our differences with Solzhenitsyn lie somewhere else. Grobman has hinted at them — unfortunately he did not elaborate on them, and I shall try to do so in his stead.

The Solzhenitsyn file reopened

On November 10, 1972, MICHAEL GROBMAN, an artist recently settled in Jerusalem from the Soviet Union, published in these pages charges that Russian Nobel Prize-winner ALEXANDER SOLZHENITSYN was anti-Semitic. This drew a spate of angry responses from Jews in Israel and the Soviet Union, followed by another article by Grobman, repeating his allegations, on August 3. Here GREGORI SVIRSKY, Soviet World War II Naval Air hero, novelist, publicist, scenarist, lecturer, active member of the Soviet Writers Union and long-time fighter against Soviet anti-Semitism who came to Israel from Russia with his family in April, 1972, defends Solzhenitsyn, while Dr. LUCIEN BENDA, economist and writer, who emigrated from Prague seven years ago, supports Grobman's thesis and discusses Solzhenitsyn's anti-Semitism in the light of his pan-Slavism and Tolstoy's and Dostoevsky's anti-Semitism.

"One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich," it appears, was but the first anti-Semitic attack, "poison directed against an intellectual and a Jew."

And Solzhenitsyn's other books? "...the whole Jewish People emerges from his pages slandered and belittled." No less!

I look for proofs, examples, names of slandered Jews. Not for facts. There are no facts. Not a one. "I deliberately refrain from quoting from Solzhenitsyn's books," says Grobman with Olympian calm, "since I refer to more than just orthographic or stylistic errors..."

What, in that case, is this "more than" of which Grobman speaks? "We are entitled to ask ourselves (!) if it is pure chance that there

are no Jewish doctors in 'The Cancer Ward,' always remembering... that it is a Jewish profession in the U.S.S.R. (!)" "There is no place for them in Solzhenitsyn's books."

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SOLZHENITSYN has become a symbol of resistance against the evil, oppressive Soviet regime. He undoubtedly is one of the great artists — though only time will tell whether he is to be ranked with Tolstoy and Dostoevsky. He also is a Slavophile and a "Great Russian." He is also what is called in Russian a "patriotic Russian" — that is, the good old times of patriotic Russians from all walks of life crossing themselves in front of the icons, kneeling down to receive the blessings of priests of the Russian Orthodox Church, the melodious chants in Russian churches, the wooden huts of Russian peasantry — all that, to a Communist, is cleaner and truer to the real Russian way of life than present-day Russia. That alone would not make us doubt Solzhenitsyn — after all, Honoré de Balzac was a convinced monarchist, lover of the ancien régime and the Catholic Church and despised the rising French middle class for its rapacity and mercenaryism. Only Marx's praise made Balzac compulsory reading in Russian schools!

In his "August 1914" Solzhenitsyn also quite consciously joins Tolstoy and speaks about the mysterious, providential forces of history which make for human victories and failures.

Both Tolstoy and Dostoevsky joined the wave of irrationalism which started sweeping Russian and German ideology in the second half of the 19th century, mainly as a result of the debacle of German re-

liability. Both maintained that humans are moved by some mysterious forces outside them which not only are inaccessible to cognition and which not only determine us, but which also are inevitable. Both these great writers are anti-intellectual. Both do not recognize the force of reasoning and intellect which can identify social evil and overcome it. Both are anti-Western, considering the West as immoral, and close their

Lucien Benda

eyes to the immoralities and the profligacy of the Orthodox Church and of the Russian aristocracy. Both are Slavophiles and pan-Slavists — that is, naturally, all other Slavonic nations should be ruled by "Holy Mother Russia." Neither Tolstoy nor Dostoevsky was ready to see what Russia within her empire did to other nations.

AS FOR the Jews — for Tolstoy they simply did not exist, whereas Dostoevsky, repenting in a typical Russian way, became an outright Jew-baiter. Both these authors, by teaching that only the one who is "protrunkiy" — simple — is the paragon of Christian virtue, became advocates of Russia's backwardness — which finally led to an explosion which in its atrocities was surpassed only by German fascism. Both au-

thors, the greatest artists whom Russia has brought forth, stand in the same boat of European irrationalism and reaction as Schopenhauer and Nietzsche, and from there we can go on to Sorel, Gobineau, Chamberlain, Bakunin, Kropotkin and last, but not least, to the curious Left-wing political obscurantism of the Existentialist Sartre. All this praise of the "superman" on the one hand and the "simple Russian peasant" on the other — types who by instinct are always supposed to know better — led to two frightful explosions whose consequences we still feel. And led to the destruction of European Jewry.

In his "War and Peace" (my favorite book) Tolstoy, who is a patriotic Russian and praises Russia for her patriotism, really denigrates one of the greatest soldiers the Russians ever had — Kutuzov. He says that he understood from the "whole of his Russian being" that Napoleon was lost, as "Providence" had so ordained. How unpatriotic for a patriotic Russian!

Was Kutuzov not a better strategist than Napoleon, keeping the Russian army going and letting the climate and lack of supplies quite rationalize their work? Tolstoy's Nikolai is a "plain" Russian farmer, despising all the newfangled teaching about the quality of soil and fertilizers invented by the English and Dutch "foreign devils," and relying on his muzhik instinct. What backwardness! No wonder that even nowadays Russia, with a soil which

could flood the whole world with food, forces the rest of us to tighten our belts so that Russians not go hungry!

NO GREATER piece of art ever was — and I doubt ever will be — written than Dostoevsky's "Tale of the Grand Inquisitor" in "The Brothers Karamazov." Yet what absurdity! Dostoevsky, the great anti-Semite, lets the circumcized Jew Jesus be sent — not to the cross but to the stake, as if he, the anti-Semite, the true believer, would almost justify a deed which could not even have been perpetrated according to Jewish law but is now perpetrated by a gentile! The Church has taken a leaf out of Dostoevsky and we have had the edifying picture of "Comrade Y" and his Party "Comrade X" to be shot at Ljubljanka Prison after first weeping on his bosom.

I know that it is unfair to write thus, because nowadays Solzhenitsyn, one of Russia's great artists, cannot defend himself and is a prisoner of the regime in two ways: he is despised and persecuted by the regime on the one hand, and on the other he is offered the chance to leave his beloved Russia which for him really would be a punishment. But I have come to the reluctant conclusion that Grobman is right. He is right, because Solzhenitsyn quite within the framework of classics like Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, as a Slavophile, or rather as a pan-Slavist — is a political anti-Semite. Stung by the oppression of the regime, he commits the error of wanting to exchange one authoritarian regime for another "truly Russian" authoritarian regime.

In spite of the deep humanism of Solzhenitsyn's literature, his is a literature of despair. So is "Western" literature. But there is a great difference. Whereas Updike, Bellow,

He had no argument in reply, and his ignorance was truly pathetic. But suddenly he shrilled:

"So I'm a fantastic scoundrel and ignoramus, am I? Why, the whole world is arguing with me! With me, yes, yes! Big names, not the whole world! Jerusalem, Moscow, London, Frankfurt! Letters are coming in from all parts of the world: Who is Grobman? To news-

paper officials... The whole world is a hum!

Civilization is marching forward perfecting itself. It is extremely important to note this also because the Soviet propaganda machine and the K.G.B. are using all sorts of agents to give the West a number of "anti-Solzhenitsyn" injections. I had heard about this in France and in Germany. Once I was present when a lecturer — a translator of official Russian literature — attempted to assert, over the loud objections by French students, that Solzhenitsyn distracts them from the genuine modern culture in the U.S.S.R., that his works are the fruit of petty vengeance; spent some time in a camp and, although he received an apology, continues to seek revenge...

And here is what Grobman tells us in "The Jerusalem Post": The result of lauding Solzhenitsyn is the substitution of a genuine avant-garde, unofficial literature — now fairly strong in Russia, with a politico-literary ersatz...

And again: "The struggle of the spirit is replaced by petty vengeance for past and present offences..." There are enough such quotations to fill a page.

ALEXANDER SOLZHENITSYN has entered an unfeasible, single-handed contest against a totalitarian, atomic state, a contest which holding the attention of the world. Spiritually, he has defeated the nuclear Goliath who put the fear into governments. But what does the future hold in store for this man, a simple human being, close to me and the whole world, the father of two children?

Grobman has chosen to snipe at Solzhenitsyn from a safe corner at a time when mass arrests are under way in Moscow; when courts barely have time to rubber-stamp all the heavy sentences handed down for merely reading Solzhenitsyn; when the KGB has launched a press campaign to bait Academician Andrei Sakharov, hitherto untouchable; when it is considered good fortune in Moscow simply to have a Jewish relative — a chance to break out of that hell; at this moment Grobman aims his rusty dirt-gun.

And shouts in exaltation: "Why, the whole world is arguing with me!"

Roth, Grass and Bellow despair because humans do not use their reason, Solzhenitsyn, in true Russian tradition, denies that man is free to use this reason — and escapes into the dream of a mystical Old Russia full of virtues which never existed.

Democracy — which is nothing but a constant free dialogue about human affairs — requires disinterestedness, detachment and a readiness to find out and accept the truth about ourselves, even if it is the truth of "Portnoy's Complaint." A truly democratic writer thrives in an atmosphere of healthy rationalism and scepticism. A truly democratic writer — a non-Jewish writer — would have probed into Rubin's character in quite a different way. But his Solzhenitsyn cannot do. He is not even interested in the truth, because — let us be frank — there were many Jewish Stalinists. He never can understand the curious anguish of people like Rubin, because as a Russian he can never even accept people like Rubin as his equals, let alone understand them. Because Rubin is not a true Russian; he is an "laorodec" — an alien, a Jewrey, a Zhd.

But even in his pan-Slavism — which he expresses by making Rubin the one who starts really admiring and liking Germans — Solzhenitsyn is full of absurdities which have their root really in both pan-Germans and pan-Slavists always having understood each other better than the "degenerate" West. (Spengler, the father of German fascism, saw the future of Europe in the "Dostoevskian" Russian who had "two women struggle for the love of the hero — one representing the more enduring, spiritual principle of love, the other the carnal side. Carnal lust is represented by a buxom, ludicrous Russian blonde — Dr. Vera Gangart, a German or of German origin!"

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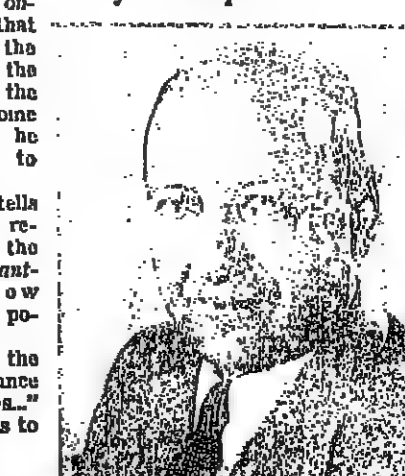
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A reasonable reason

HAZON UMANAS 1972 100 (Vision and action) by Eliezer Kaplan. Edited by Yosef Shapiro, Tel Aviv, Ana Oved-Baron Veldman. 320 pp. Brava Shapiro



THE LIFE of Eliezer Kaplan, Israel's first Finance Minister, is the subject of a fascinating political biography. Here was a man who did everything reasonably and thoughtfully — an engineer not only by training but also by nature. His ability to conduct a discussion without losing his calm won for Eliezer Kaplan the admiration and trust of his colleagues and enemies alike. He became part of the Jewish Labour elite in Britz Israel long before he finally settled here, his qualities having been noted in the many international meetings of Zionists before and immediately after World War I. He was seriously molested for membership by the Mapai leadership group which opposed David Ben-Gurion.

When Kaplan died, Mr. Ben-Gurion said he had been a Finance Minister who realized that in a war the Treasury had to do the impossible to find the necessary resources. Mr. Ben-Gurion had often clashed with Kaplan because of the latter's repeated warnings against "drastic" action.

There is little in this book to indicate the colourful political personality that Kaplan was. What it contains is mostly a collection of published articles on Kaplan and a few of his letters. The late Finance Minister requires a serious study by an imaginative scholar who would inspect the documents and interpret them intelligently.

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Young guys and older guys

THE NICK ADAMS STORIES by Ernest Hemingway. N.Y., Bantam. 245 pp. IL9.

Lionel Davidson

ERNEST HEMINGWAY'S THE NICK ADAMS STORIES (N.Y. Bantam, 245 pp., IL9), collected here for the first time (hardback publication in the U.S. last year), have long been regarded by devotees as containing some of his best and most durable work. Sixteen in all appeared during his lifetime, but after he shot himself 12 years ago his widow found another eight among his papers. These she gave, free, to the Ernest Hemingway Foundation, and they appear now chronologically integrated into the canon, providing for the faithful all they are ever going to get of the author's first hero.

His first hero, and also his abiding hero, for Nick Adams is none other than the author himself, Hemingway, when young. Wipes and reflections of him occur in other heroes, but here, as his beguiling liked to say, is "the stuff."

AS WITH other writers of worth, Hemingway exhibited almost from the very beginning his entire range of wares; all his virtues, all his vices. These stories date from the beginning, seven of them, including "Big Two-Hearted River," actually written before he was 24. So what we have here is a sort of miniaturized Hemingway. What have we got?

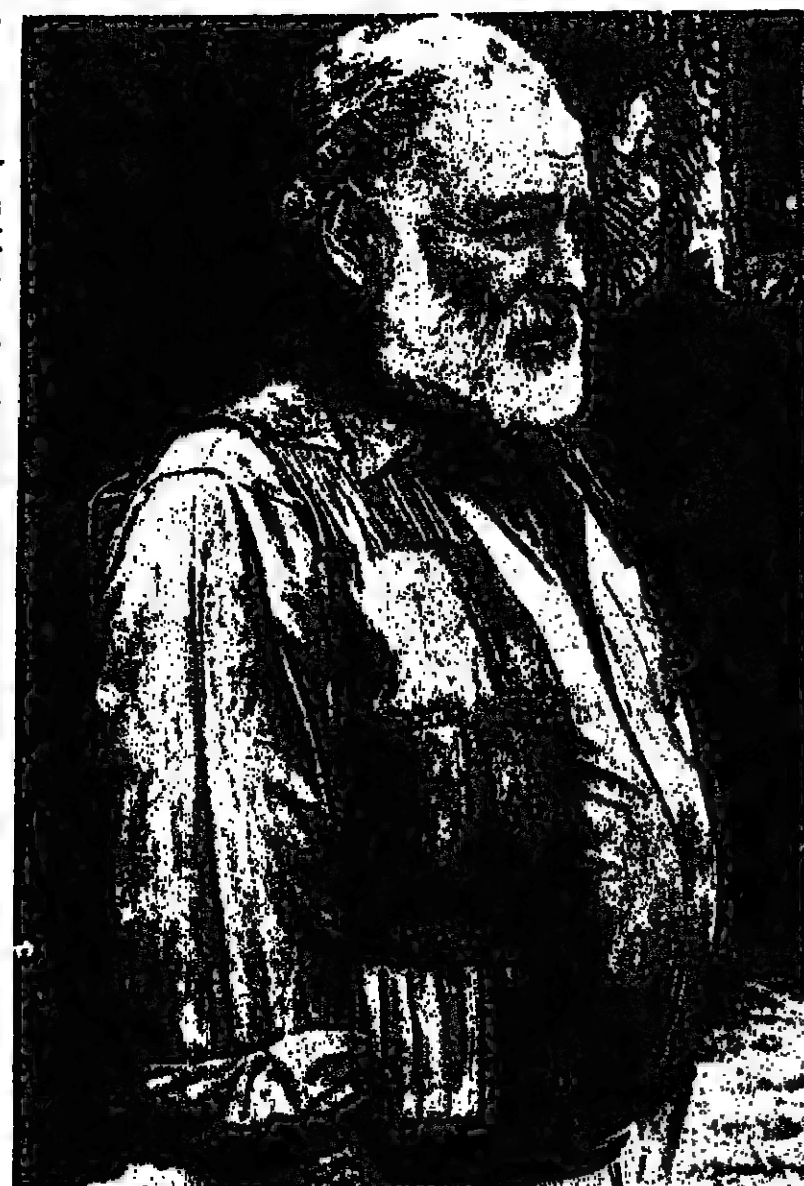
Well. A lot, certainly. But a lot of what?

Hemingway was well aware of a certain bogus quality in himself. It led him to edit his work very severely, and produced, incidentally, his characteristically spare and laconic style. He had, at the same time, a very great desire to say something significant, a task for which neither his reasoning faculty nor his insight fitted him.

The spur goaded him most of his life, and he industriously quartered the globe seeking significance, still further refining the style of dazing and crafty virtuosity that would enable him to handle it when he found it. In the result, like a bit of early Melville, the medium became the message, the style the man, and his work in effect a series of communications reporting, ever more baldly, not much luck on the main front, until attenuating into absurdity with his "Across the River and Into the Trees."

THIS APPLIES to his confrontations of man and man, or, worse, woman (where he most often sought the elusive significance). Where he sticks to an individual (preferably middle-aged, or youngish like Nick) and landscapes, at best some waste of land or water, he becomes great — perhaps, in another favorite phrase, "the greatest."

He knew all about this. Here he is, fishing on it: "He wanted to be a great writer. He was pretty sure he would be. He knew it in lots of ways. He would in spite of every-



thing. It was hard, though... It was so damn hard to write well. There were so many tricks. It was easy to write if you used the tricks...

"HE WANTED to write like Cezanne painted. Cezanne started with all the tricks. Then he broke the whole thing down and built the real thing. It was hell to do. He was the greatest. The greatest for always. It wasn't a cult. He, Nick, wanted to write about country so it would be there like Cezanne had done it in painting. You had to do it from inside yourself. There wasn't any trick. Nobody had ever written about country like that. He felt almost holy about it."

But then he is led to the bizarre misjudgment that took him so badly astray. "People were easy to do. Nobody knew anything about them. If it sounded good they took your word for it." "Also, they didn't, at least not for always." In his stories, the tricks and canny editing (in particular the marvelously judged beginnings and endings) worked. In his novels, as time shows too well, they simply did not. The enlargement of format and emphasis is a fundamental quality of bathos and flatulence, ever present in his work (as in the

embarrassing passage above — to which he rightly gave the thumbs-down for publication) which, when in full control of a smaller frame, he managed to conceal.

He managed this on the whole with his Nick Adams stories — and very delightful and limpid works of art most of them are. Originally distributed over three collections, in a juxtaposition intended to show lost innocence in a hell-bent generation (the arc in Fitzgerald's), they are here shuffled into continuity: from Nick as a young boy in the Michigan woods, to Nick, embittered war veteran, motorizing with his own son through scenes of youth.

THE BEST is "Big Two-Hearted River." In it, young man Nick jumps off a train with his pack and walks all day across empty country. In the evening, by a river, he makes camp and cooks himself a meal; and the following day fishes the river. That's all — and very excellent and haunting it is, the match, at least, of his later Pulitzer and Nobel Prize-winning "Old Man and the Sea." Also here is the gum-like "Indian Camp" — about which a minor mystery is now solved. The well-known story interestingly begins: "At the lake shore there was another row-

boat drawn up. The two Indians stood waiting."

Three previously unpublished pages show that Hemingway had already narrated how "another" row-boat came to be there, with "the" two Indians. He simply cut them, to generate suspense, enigmas and — who knows? — a spot of significance.

But also here, and lackaday, are the preposterous war stories, including "In Another Country" with its young Italian officer who goes about with "a black silk handkerchief across his face because he had no nose then and his face was to be rebuilt... They rebuilt his face, but he came from a very old family and they could never get the nose exactly right."

Readers hereabouts, some from even older families, with yet righter noses, may sniff for themselves the inimitable phoniness of that one.

And there's young Hemingway-Nick anxiously pondering which is the better writer, Hugh Walpole or Chesterton! — and brooding on the opposition.

"Young Asch had something but you couldn't tell. Jews go had quickly. They all start well. Ring Lardner, maybe. Very maybe. Old guys like Sherwood. Older guys like Dreiser. Was there anybody else? Young guys maybe. Great unknowns."

There were indeed, some very young guys, quite unknown (Master Malamud, aged 9 at the time, Bellow 8, Mailer 0, and Roth minus 10) — Jews all, but despite the precocity of the race, not yet arrived at degeneration.

AND HERE FROM Penguin comes another: it is Mr. Dan Jacobson (not quite such a young guy — he would have been minus 6 at the time) with his THE RAPE OF TAMAR (144 pp., IL3.50). Obediently following Mr. Hemingway's dictum, he started well, later went off a bit with his lengthy "The Beginners" but here makes a snappy recovery. "The Rape of Tamar" is a very spry and lively book, funny, intelligent (it might work a shade harder in this direction), a few surprises which recounts the adventures of a sort of Yankel at the Court of King David.

"Now Yonadab was a very subtle man," according to the Second Book of Samuel, which is nothing short of the truth according to Mr. Jacobson, too. Yonadab is the sardonic narrator (now officially a shade — he knows all about us and our TV sets), nephew of the king, official at the Ministry of Public Works, laseky and son of a laseky.

He engineers the rape of the title, is privy to the subsequent murder of the rapist, and to the revolt of the murderer, Absalom; after which, persona non grata, he heads for the hills, with the following reflection: "Goodbye then, dad. Goodbye Adonim and the Ministry of Public Works. Goodbye prince. Goodbye court. Goodbye glory. Back to the farm I go. Worse things could have happened to me. (The moralists among you will probably be disappointed that they didn't.) And goodbye — from a safe distance — my sovereign and liege-lord, David, king of the Jews, sweet singer of Israel, builder of Zion."

Run out and buy it. Lionel Davidson, who lives in Hershby, is author of "A Long Way to Shiloh," "The Night of Wenceslas," and other novels.

Salonican Jewish stories

BESHAARAY SALONIKI (Within the Gates of Salonica) by Baruch Uziel. Tel Aviv, Alef. 112 pp. M.Z. Frank

THIS IS a collection of six delightful short stories, all of most of which were published years ago in "Molad," "Orlogin" and "other magazines." The Hebrew style is excellent; the narrative flows freely; the background is exotic — and the whole writing is marked by classic simplicity.

All the action takes place in the Turkish Empire during the first decade of this century. Except for the last two stories, which are very short, the locale is Salonica before that city was captured by the Greeks in the War of 1912.

THE AUTHOR, Baruch Uziel, who was born in Salonica in 1900 and came to Eretz Yisrael in 1914, is known as one of the leading authorities on Ladino language and Sephardi history, life and folklore. He was once a teacher, is still a lawyer, was once very active in politics and served two consecutive terms in the Knesset. In the 1930s when he lived in Haifa, before moving to Tel Aviv, he started bringing Salonican Jewish stevedores to Eretz Yisrael — an act for which many others claim credit — and one which was to have a tremendous influence on the ability of the Jewish community to maintain access to the sea during the Arab attempts to cut it off and starve it out.

Besides his scholarly research on Salonica and the Sephardim, Mr. Uziel of two time indulged in the more "frivolous" pastime of writing fiction about his native town and community. One wishes he had done more of it. We know so little about the subject. We can learn so much from his stories.

Salonica, the Tessalonica of antiquity, lying at the foot of Mt. Olympus, had a population consisting of Jews, Greeks, Albanians and Turks, with the Jews by far in the majority — about 80,000. (I think here were also Bulgarians and Macedonians in Salonica and its adjoining villages, but they do not appear in these stories.)

THIS IS a small book and its range is necessarily limited. None of the six stories deals with the modernized Jews of the period of which Mr. Uziel himself is an example. What we see before us are, first of all the Jewish fishermen of Salonica, with their simple faith, their observance, their notions and their mutual relations. There is love — requited and unrequited; there are tragedies. Two stories are based on superstitions, but the narrative and descriptions are realistic. I read the book in one sitting and wished for more.

STOCK '84 IN THE U.S.A.: "LUXURY, ITALIAN STYLE"

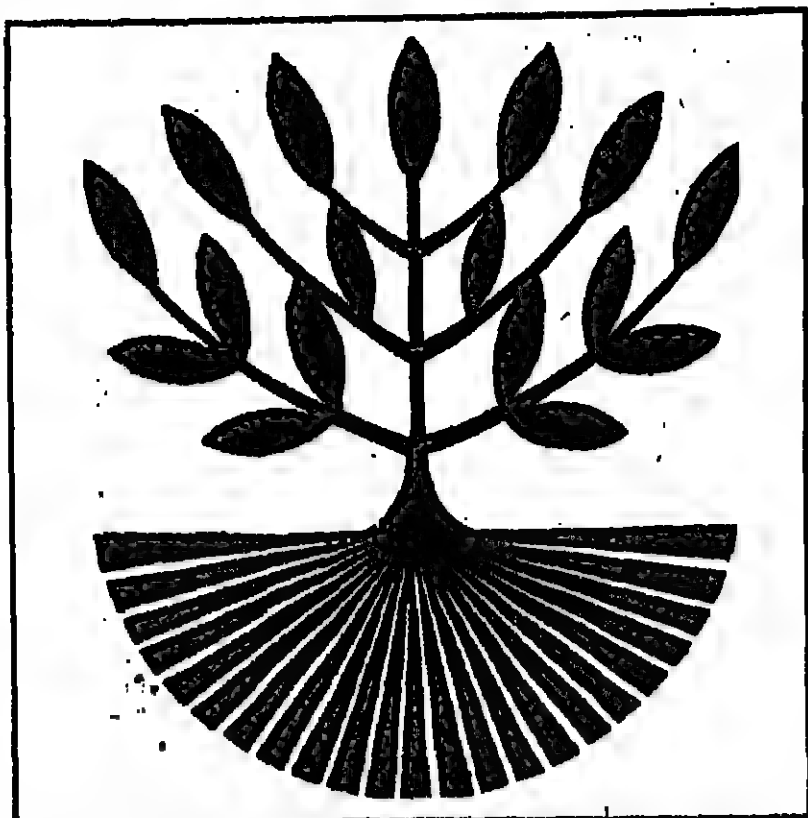
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A CENTURY OF JEWISH SETTLEMENT IN TWO HOURS

Yitzhak Oked. Photographs Shalom Bar-Tal

SETTLEMENT AND settlers are still Zionism. This is what the organizers of "Hundred Years of Settlement" exhibition, which opened in Tel Aviv this week, tried to put across.

After an exhaustive tour of the exhibition, it can be said that they succeeded. The exhibition takes up about two-thirds of the 240 dunam exhibition ground, and it is built around a story. Like any story, it must be followed in proper sequence, going counter-clockwise from pavilion to pavilion. The themes of the pavilions are Revival, Land, Security, Water and Fulfilment — which sums up the first 100 years of Jewish settlement in this country.

The director of the exhibition, Samuel ("Mula") Cohen, a kibbutznik from Alonim, was approached nearly six months ago by the Minister of Agriculture to prepare the exhibition.

"I took on the job for two reasons," said Mula. "I knew that if I refused it, I would be stuck with an election job. But the main reason was that after being one of the organizers of the Kibbutz exhibition a long way back, I wanted to turn out something different, something without graphs and numbers. We wanted the theme of this ideological exhibition to be alive and to let the visitor feel as much a part of it as possible."

Drawing me into the first pavilion, he proved his point. This pavilion, called "Dreamers Road," is designed to show that Jews came to Zion centuries ago and not only during the past 100 years. It is a long, tunnel-shaped road, the walls on both sides decorated with coloured canvas behind which diffused lights create the effect of a glass window with the figures displayed on it, appearing to move in the same direction as yourself. You get the feeling that you are marching towards Zion together with your ancestors. Reaching the end of the road, you see the promised land as they most probably saw it — a huge, empty desert.

"Security has almost become a platitudes," Mula said. "So much has been said and done about security during the 100th anniversary celebrations that we found it difficult to show this integral part of our history. We decided to build a house, kibbutz, moshava, and I found hope that this exhibition will prove to be a pillar in Israel's history. It might give Israeli citizens a second thought about what can be done by some parts of the world and the time is now ripe to see more of it here."

long months sleeping in their shelters.

The Water pavilion could have been a bore, but turns out to be one of the most attractive. The visitors walks between artificial raindrops and inside a giant waterpipe, without getting wet. He can sip desalinated water, look at a modern water drill, and hear an ancient water pump going "pak-pak-pak." The only process illustrated by statistics and not the real thing is the recycling of sewage water.

THE FULFILMENT pavilions include a special booth in which people interested in joining a settlement can talk to representatives of the kibbutz, moshava and moshava movements. Mula emphasized that they were not doing any missionary work; this pavilion is designed mainly to provide information. In another booth, visitors can ask a computer any question. Yes, every thing you wanted to know about Jewish settlement but were afraid to ask. Mula explained that this was one of the solutions to the problem of statistics and numbers. "Whoever wants them, can ask."

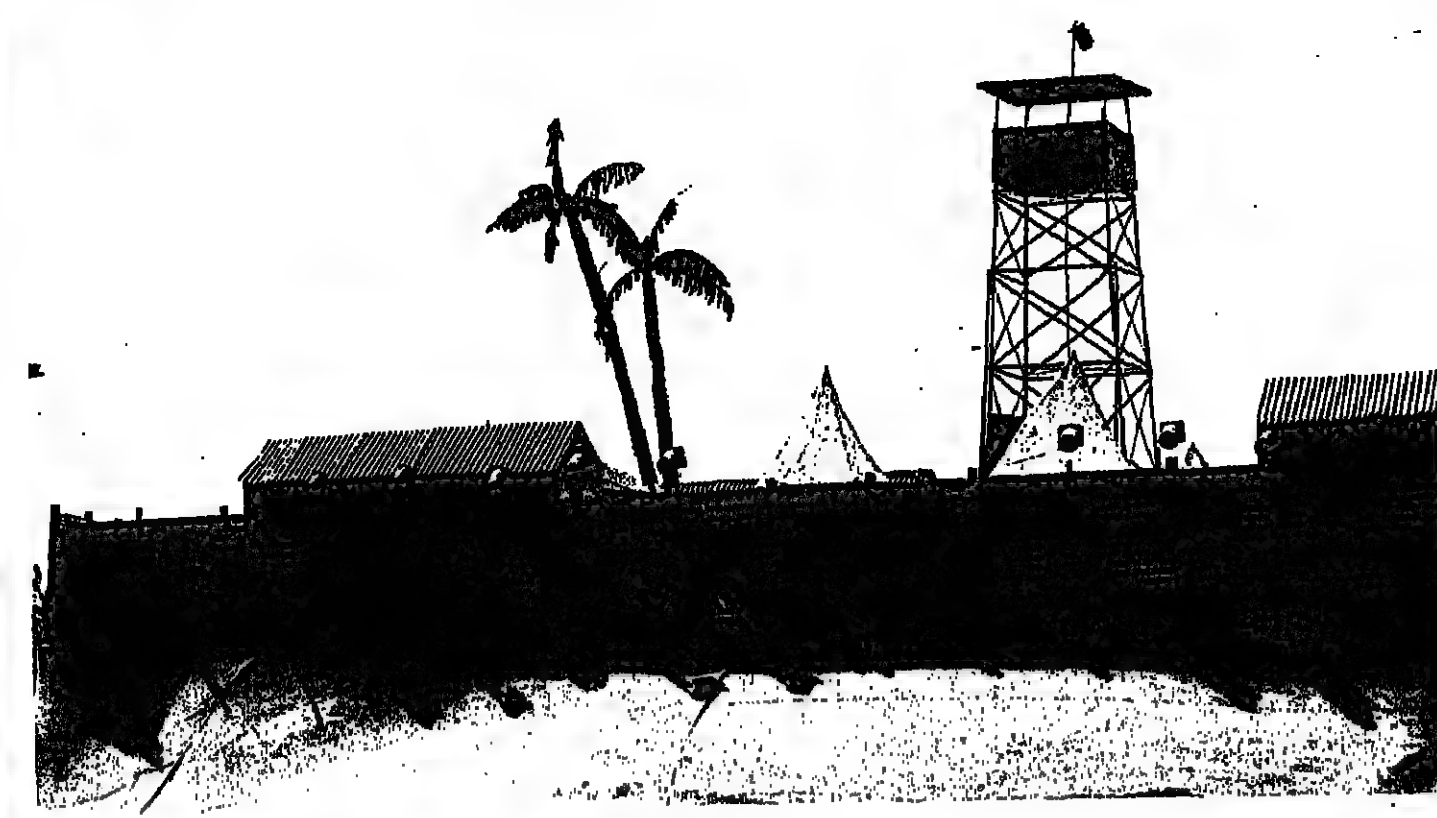
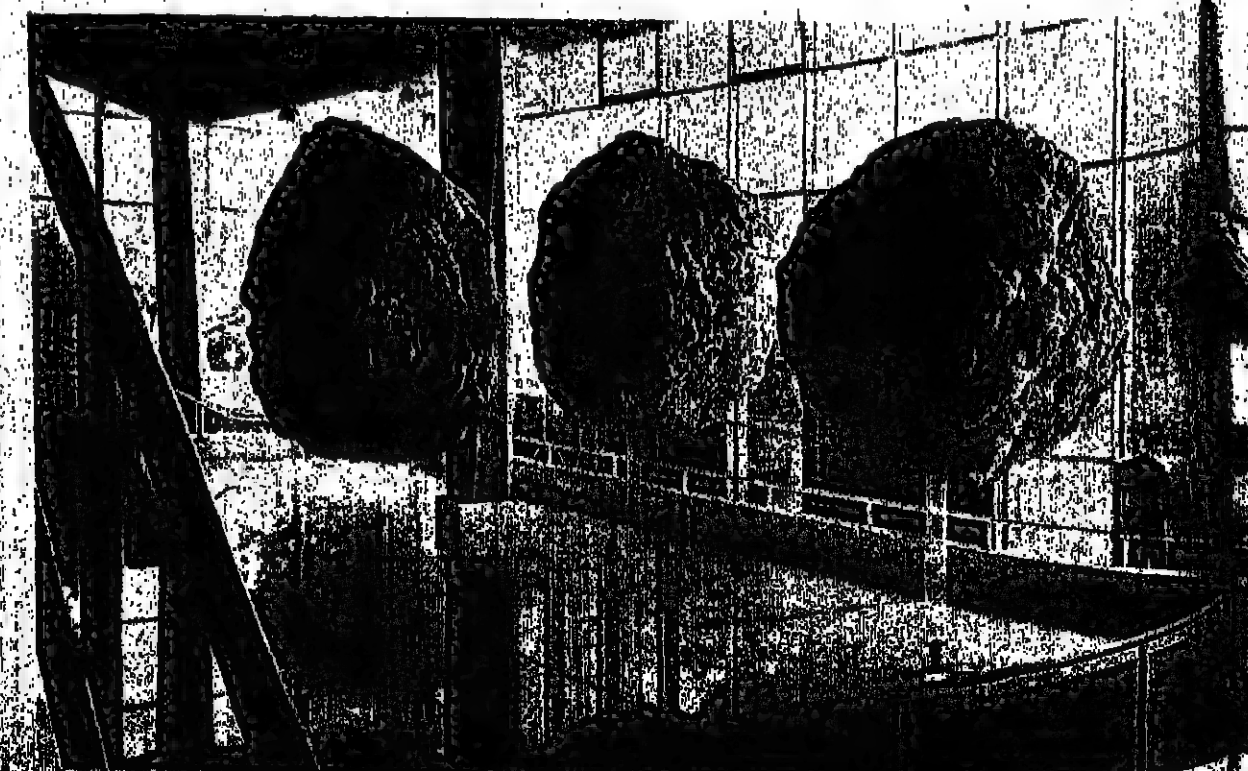
The planners have managed to give this non-commercial exhibition the atmosphere of a fair by bringing in farm animals and some beautiful birds like pheasants. Things that will probably attract large crowds are the bee-hive, which with the aid of closed circuit TV shows a highly magnified scene of the bees making honey; the free wine from the barrel at the booth showing the Rishon Le-Zion winery at the turn of the century; and the pond stocked with all types of fish. Visitors can hire a rod and bait, catch their own fish, and take it home.

In the kibbutz dining room, you can eat a complete kibbutz meal, dinner for 12, for 12.50. There is an arts and crafts show where you can buy paintings and handicrafts made by settlers.

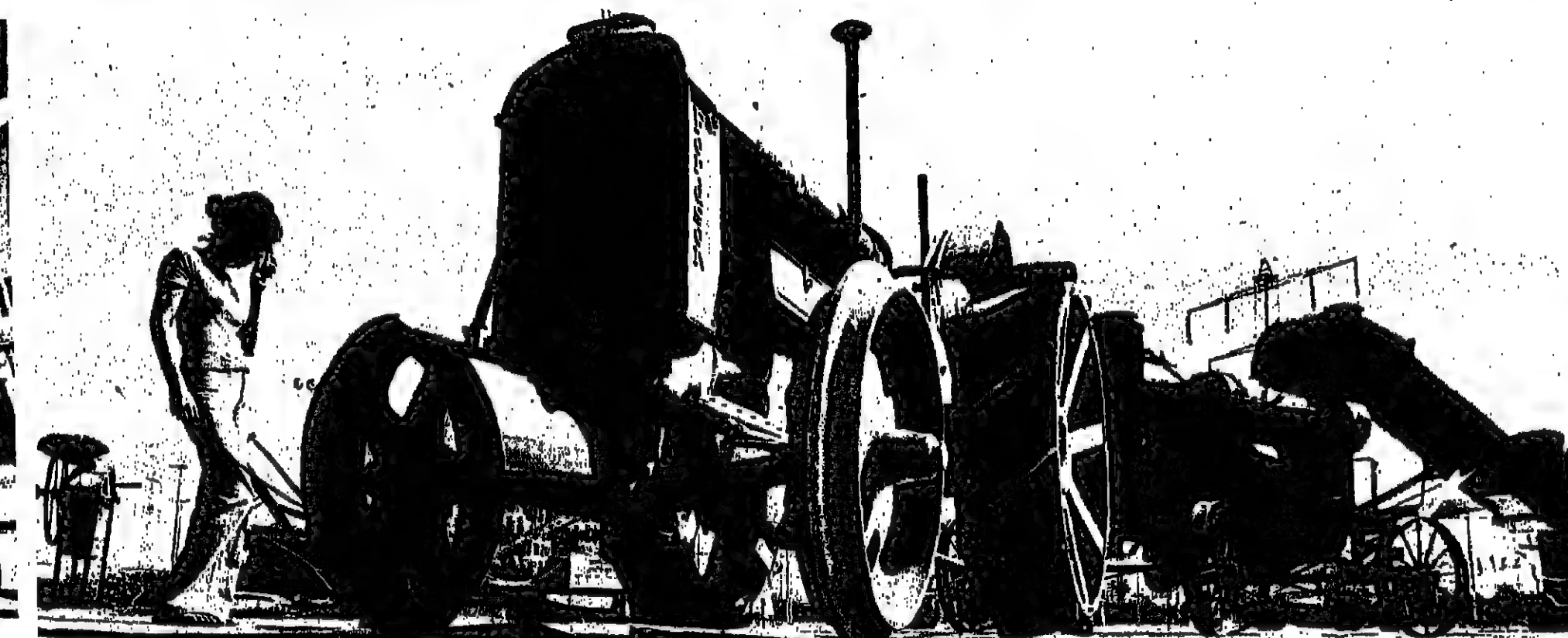
Mr. Arnon Adar, the art director and chief designer of the exhibition, said that this "revolutionary" type of show, which in today's terms might more properly be called a happening, will impress many people, especially those professionally concerned. "In the future, we will see more of this kind of show. My colleagues and I fondly hope that this exhibition will prove to be a pillar in Israel's history. It might give Israeli citizens a second thought about what can be done by some parts of the world and the time is now ripe to see more of it here."



(Above) The latest agricultural machinery is on show and (right) a vintage tractor.



The latest tower for water-prospecting. (Right) Reconstruction of "Tower and Stockade" settlement of the 'thirties.



(Below, left to right) The Water pavilion with an abstract impression of a stream; "Hashomer" settlement; and the Ma'abara period.



مکانس الجمیل

THE 1972 MUNICH murders tainted the Olympic symbol and the ideal it purports to represent with a ghastly red. And if any further reminder were needed of the lack of political neutrality and international camaraderie at sports meets, it was fearfully served by the organized, crude anti-Semitic outbursts at the Moscow World University Games.

The Olympic movement is in such trouble, in fact, that hardly anyone is even very eager to host the Games, outside of the Russians, who still obstinately cling to their obsession with what they believe to be the propaganda value of a grand spectacle. During a recent visit to Montreal, where the games are scheduled to be held in 1976, I found the Olympics uppermost in everyone's mind. This was not because the Canadian public was enthusiastic about them; far from it. The holding of the Games has become public controversy number one, overshadowing even the unrelenting French-Canadian preoccupation with the issue of whether an English monarch can be considered their queen.

The Montrealers' opposition to the Games does not stem directly from considerations of security, which, after the Munich massacre, must plague, if not overwhelm, the organizers of any large-scale international gathering. But it is in the back of many people's minds. Neither did many of the Montrealers I talked to seek to justify their attitude by arguing that, rather than fostering brotherhood and unity among athletes of different nations, the Games have a long record of accentuating international discord. Yet the sarcastic, almost contemptuous, opinions most people voiced about the Olympic ideal had most likely been aroused by the feeling that it is bankrupt. It is significant that the opposition to the Games started to grow especially vociferous after Munich.

Most people I talked to felt that the whole thing is "somehow a sham" that it is not worthwhile going to a great deal of trouble to stage the Games; and, as a corollary, that the money would be better spent for a more useful purpose. With the Olympics held in such low regard, Montrealers would like to take a cue from their neighbors to the south-west, in Salt Lake City, Utah, who refused to loosen their purse strings to finance the coming Winter Olympics.

Mayor Jean Drapeau is quite aware of public sentiment, but he has taken it upon himself to stage "the Games that will become known in the future as the Games that saved the Olympics." And yet even he does not seriously believe that such a grandiose ambitious and high-minded aim could sway his electorate. He is well aware that they couldn't care less.

Perhaps the argument to which he resorts increasingly indicates that deep down inside, he too believes that the questionable honour of hosting the Olympics is not worth a penny of the money collected by his taxpayers. For Mayor Drapeau is constantly endeavouring — sometimes, it seems, almost vainly — to convince the increasingly sceptical citizens of Montreal that the "1976 Olympics will be self-financing and won't cost Canadian taxpayers a cent." It is appeals to the public have now become almost exclusively based on this contention.

"The Montreal show," as he calls it, "will become known for its modesty and simplicity," Montreal, to his mind, will prove that a bountiful needn't be rich to hold the Games. Recently he has gone even further, assuring Canadians that they will soon be discussing how to spend the surplus the Games will create.

But, alas, the poor mayor has not convinced the public. He is widely denounced by the news

The Montreal OLYMPICS

The 1976 Olympic Games are due to be held in Montreal. But the people of the great Canadian city, as SARA HONIG discovered on a recent visit, are by no means overjoyed at the prospect.



The stadium to be constructed in Montreal for the '76 Games. (Below) the Munich stadium.



media as "Montreal's showman mayor" who is "up to his old tricks again" with yet another extravagant scheme, designed for "the aggrandizement of a petty politician's ego." Perhaps "selling" the Olympics has proved a tougher task than he bargained for, but the kindest remark that I heard about his rosy predictions was that "he must be an incurable optimist if he believes what he says."

THE SPOKESMAN for the committee organizing the games was, however, quite unimpressed by the public uproar when I spoke to him in his office in Montreal's City Hall. As he sees it, the emphasis on just how little the Games will cost has less to do with the controversy in the press than with an underlying philosophy. He pointed out that the Japanese and the Germans had each set out to show how much better and bigger they could do things. "Whereas the government here — municipal, provincial or federal — ever thought of using

the Olympics to prove that Canada could outdo its predecessors."

He told me that the total cost of the Munich Olympics was a staggering \$650m. and more than four times the amount spent on the 1968 Mexico Games, and almost 400 times the expenditure on the 1948 London Olympics, which were staged for a modest outlay of \$1.7m.

Canadian taxpayers, he maintained, won't be asked to come up with such sums, mainly because "Montreal can keep the costs down since the necessary improvements are already here. Other cities had to use the Olympics to get funds for civic improvements, but we've already got them. Expo did that for us."

As the organizers have it, most of the required sports facilities are already there, and all that need be added is the main stadium, the velodrome and a huge underground parking lot. Mayor Drapeau refuses to indicate how much the construction of these facilities will cost. He

is said to consider this "a loaded question," and argues that to give an estimate would be unwise because when bids are asked for, one must not indicate in advance what he thinks the cost will be. This may be so, but the eagerness about the price only makes the man in the street all the more suspicious.

The organizing committee has estimated the total expenditure of the games at \$300m., but only after a long press campaign against mystery-mongering. According to the organizers' forecasts, \$250m. will be raised by the sale of Olympic commemorative coins; \$10m. will come through the sale of stamps, and \$30m. can be made by the holding of four lotteries, each providing, it is hoped, \$8 million net.

Mayor Drapeau is on record as remarking that "the Olympics can no more have a deficit than a man can have a baby." In its scepticism, Clashing dramatically with such rosy predictions, a federal report, recently

tabled in the House of Commons by Prime Minister Trudeau, warned that far from being a money-making proposition, the Games will run up a deficit of at least \$217m. According to the report, the loss may be even higher, because that figure does not provide for "major cost escalations due to unforeseen events." The possible cost is put at as much as \$430m., not including an estimated \$45m. for such federal services as assistance from the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and the armed forces.

An irate Mr. Trudeau was reported in the press as having stated that Mayor Drapeau and Quebec's Premier Robert Bourassa had been told of the gloomy forecasts and that "they will have to take their chances." He has warned Quebec leaders not to lay any deficits at the door of the federal government. Bowing to popular pressure, he has had to reiterate time and again that there will be no special federal financial assistance to Montreal to help pay for the Olympics.

Canadians outside Quebec have good reason to be apprehensive about who will foot the 1976 bill. Ottawa politicians remember all too well Montreal's 1967 Expo world fair and the enormous deficit that the federal government had to pay off. Federal authorities promise to keep a close watch on the Olympic books so that Ottawa will not be stuck with any debts incurred by what many Canadians consider an unnecessary glamour show.

OF SPECIAL interest to an Israeli was the fact that one of the items on which the federal government and the Montreal organizers differ most sharply is security.

The latter's spokesman would not even discuss the issue when I asked him whether special consideration was being given to it, but it seems that they are reckoning on spending no more than \$500,000 on this item. The federal authorities, on the other hand, would like to see more stringent precautions than were taken at Munich. They say that at least 7,000 private guards will be needed, and that the cost of hiring them alone could well top \$3.5m.

The Montreal organizers also wish to spend less on the news media. According to the committee, telephone, computer and other communications costs will total no more than \$6.5m. Ottawa says that a more realistic figure would be \$14m.

The chief difference of opinion, however, is on revenue forecasts. The federal experts, for instance, say that the scheme to raise \$250m. from the sale of special gold and silver coins will fall short of Montreal estimates, and will fetch only \$100m.

As if to compound Mayor Drapeau's troubles, three of Canada's Western provinces served notice at the beginning of August that they may not allow the sale of his Olympic lottery tickets within their territory. They say their people, like Montrealers, couldn't care less about the future of the Games. Besides, they do not want competition with their own lotteries, whose proceeds are earmarked for projects designed to improve the lot of the local populations.

Montreal residents readily appreciate the logic behind this argument, complaining that their own mayor does not devote himself to more pressing, if less colourful, problems such as housing for the city's poor. They point out that their city boasts the worst tenements north of the U.S. border, polluted water, and one of the lowest standards of living in North America. Despite all Mayor Drapeau's confident predictions, Canadians in general will eventually have to pick up the tab if the Games' promoters turn out to have been too optimistic.

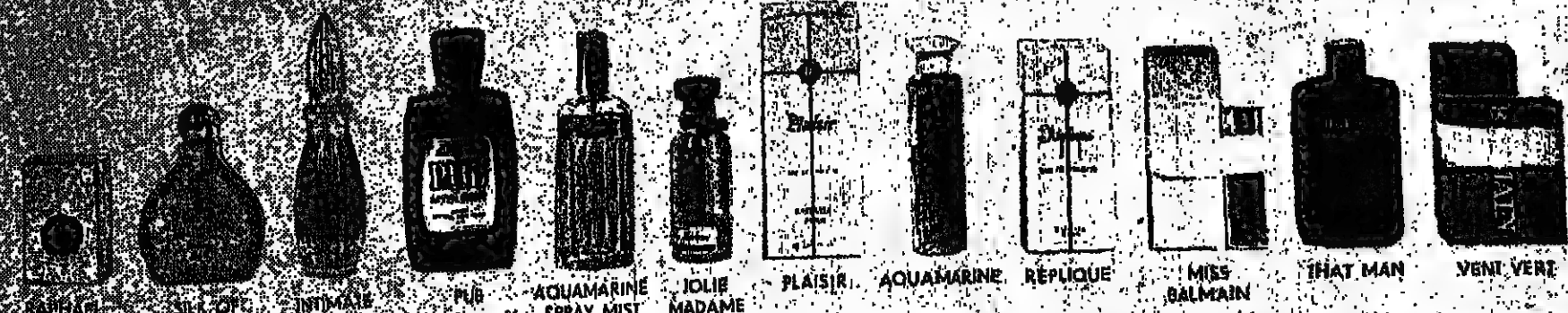
She is looking forward ...



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Fabulous fashion formulae

Round-the-clock styles designed by Jerry Melitz for his own as well as for a number of commercial collections, all in Acrilan jersey fabrics:

(Opposite) Stark Mao-style collars appear on two long models designed for Matskin. Wide sleeved, belted style at left is in black on petrol blue; two-piece comes in plain yellow, the skirt fastening with a big black zipper at centre front. (Below, left) Greek goddess motif, taken from a French Art Nouveau poster, is used as a border print on tunic and trouser legs, outlined in black on a topaz ground. (Below, right) Darker on paler turquoise is the colour theme for this design in Acrilan single jersey, a stylized floral print in a style for Ala. (Below) Two dresses created for Matskin in grey on beige prints in Acrilan single jersey.



Catherine Rosenheimer

TAKE A TOP fashion designer and a promotion-conscious fibre producer; add a high level of close cooperation and goodwill; flavour with the designer's colour sense, flair for designing and selecting styles; throw in, for good practical measure, four ready-to-wear manufacturers — and the result, in this particular case at least, is highly impressive.

Jerry Melitz's fashion show for Acrilan took place last week at the Tel Aviv Hilton. Apart from the clothes themselves, what lifted it right out of the ordinary was the way it was presented. Using a hand-picked selection of his own eight favourite model girls, he ran the show with verve and speed, sometimes creating groups in closely toning colours, sometimes, "scenes" of dresses on a similar theme, but in strongly contrasting colours, one appearing fast on the heels of the other.

Comprising some 80 models, this was one of Jerry's most varied and ambitious collections in many seasons, definitely Melitz at his very best. Anyone familiar with the Melitz look will recognize his "basic" dress. It has many variations, but is inevitably in a fine, lightweight, knit fabric — in this case Acrilan single jersey — which he drapes, fits and folds to produce ultra-fluid lines.

Just to prove that his forte is not exclusively in the direction of soft fabrics, Jerry included a collection in bonded Acrilan jersey for a superb collection of swinging, A-line coats, full and seven-eighths length, printed with a wide, spanning wing design in two colours — bottle green and ochre, for example, or charcoal on pale grey. He teamed them with lightweight dresses in matching plain colours, or in the same prints. This range was part of a couture collection he is producing himself. He also often takes advantage of his use of the same prints on single jersey and a bonded, heavier fabric by contrasting the two in one dress.

SOME OF THE new prints are based on butterfly, bird and wing themes; a few have strong geometric or bold swirling designs; and his most "different" prints are Art Nouveau. A Greek goddess motif taken from a jewelry design by the turn-of-the-century designer Rene Lalique is used to stirring effect on the high-cut bodices of a wonderful long, turquoise evening dress.

There are enough different prints to cater for virtually any taste, but there are also models in solid plain colours. Sometimes more than one colour is used, as in a little A-line dress where inverted V sections are connected, in tones of lime, turquoise and blue.

Colour combinations are a constant surprise, very refreshing: scribble swirl prints in black on mulberry, swirls in mustard on bright yellow, dark grey on beige, steel grey combined with white and mustard, royal blue on brilliant turquoise...

The high spot of the show in terms of both fashion and dramatic presentation, was undoubtedly the finale. One after another, eight full-length dresses in plain colours appeared. Each was worn with a shawl, back-to-front, tightly swathing and concealing its bodice. As shawl after shawl was whisked off, in flame, grey, lime, turquoise, mustard, blue, black and white, each dress revealed its secret to the expectant, enthusiastic audience. There were V-necklines with jewelled cummerbunds, a swathed bodice with cut-away back, surprise prints on bodices and, finally, the white model, deceptively demure, with a deeply plunging V-neck, a key-hole cut out below the bustline, and the Greek goddess profile in pale topaz subtly etched as a border print.

For his own collection, Jerry now plans a far fuller line on the Art Nouveau theme.

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מכזאן האופה

WHEN URI RON, now a major in the army, was a first-grader in a Haifa slum, he tried to assemble guns in the corner of the old hut where his father, a railroad worker, repaired shoes in his spare time. But Uri never had all the parts he needed, nor the know-how to put them together — until several years later, in 1949, when the Technical Clubs for Youth opened a club in his neighbourhood.

Uri was one of five Technical Clubs "graduates" whom I met recently in Haifa. All five, and hundreds of others throughout the country, took their first steps toward technical or engineering careers during those after-school club sessions. All still keep in close contact with the clubs; in fact, in the older ones, 80 per cent of the instructors were once members themselves.

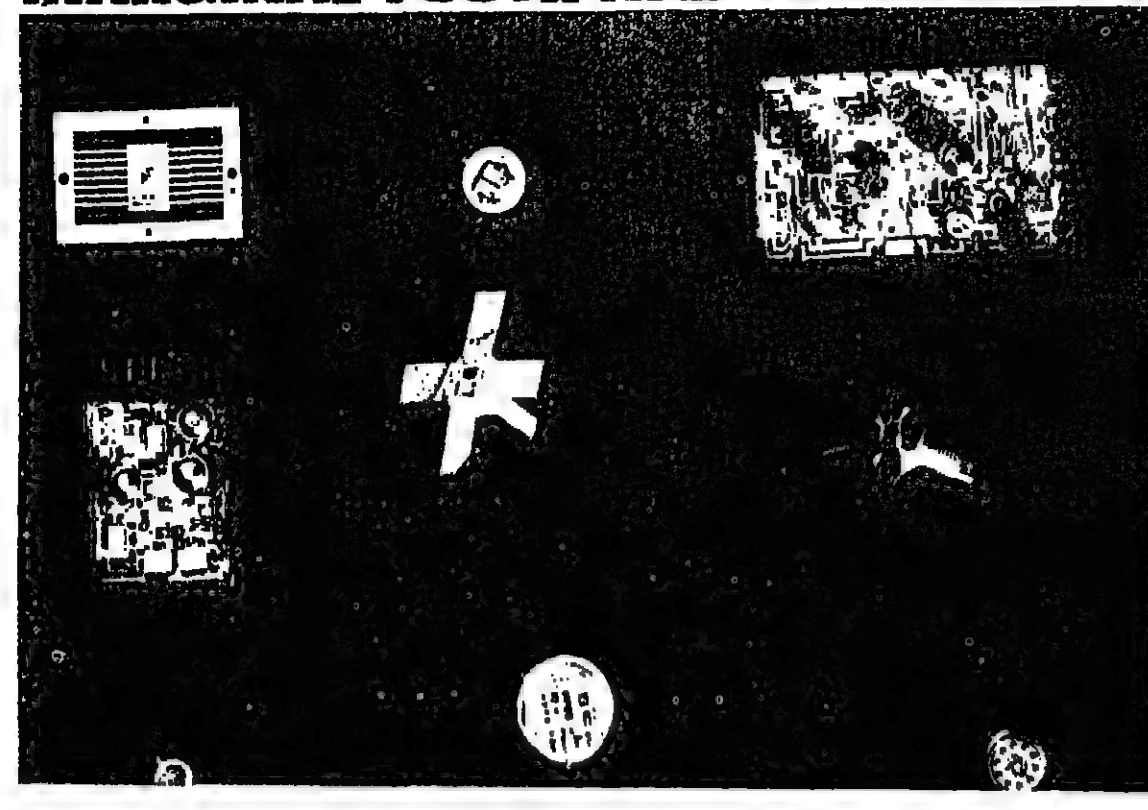
"In those days," Uri said, "the clubs attracted us because the work was so hard. Our instructors had to salvage electric wiring from factory junk piles so we would have something to work with. We actually took it apart, fixed whatever was wrong, and used it. But I think the clubs are even more attractive today, now that they have power tools and electronic equipment."

The movement started humbly enough with a club founded by a volunteer group in Haifa's Hicarmel shortly after the War of Independence. Today, Technical Clubs for Youth — now funded by the Ministries of Education and Labour and Hanor Haoved — has grown to a network of 44 clubs serving 8,000 boys and girls. Ten more will be opened next year.

Most of the clubs are located in poor areas. Some, however, are located in so-called "good neighbourhoods" where the need, though different, is just as great as in the slums — as everyone around the table agreed.

"Someone recently suggested that we break up our voluntary association and let an inter-Ministerial committee take over

MARGINAL YOUTH AND TECHNOLOGY



the clubs," said Uri. "I told him I'd rather see the Hevre Kadisha take them over. They at least have money. But there's nothing to worry about; the Ministries don't want the job... I don't think the social gap can ever be closed, whatever election propaganda tells us — unless, for instance, you decide to string up everyone who earns over IL2,000 a month. But seriously, I don't think our Ministers know anything about youth. It's been a long time since they were young. The people who

can solve the problems of youth are those of us who work with young people."

OFFICIALLY, the clubs are open to young people between the ages of 12 and 18. But that limitation is only on paper.

"Most of us go back to the club to work whenever we can," said Sami, now doing his compulsory army service. "We have access and can use the club's materials. Of course, though, we don't want to get in

the way of the younger kids who come to learn, so we go Friday evenings and Saturdays."

Yossi is now studying in a post-high-school technical programme, thanks to the inspiration he got from one of his club instructors.

"At our club in Kiryat Motzkin, they let us come every day and we even studied for our exams there. At home there were club materials. Of course, study."

Centre in Kiryat Motzkin where the Technical Club is housed, was also with us.

"I object to emphasizing the social service aspect too much," he said. "Especially in areas like ours, where the social problems aren't that great. But we do have some kids who are helped by the local Welfare Bureau. When they have to pay for materials for models they've made, the Welfare Bureau refunds them the money. We also have IL2 a month dues at our Centre, but anyone who can't pay can come and talk to me about it, and of course we make arrangements."

The Youth Centre, incidentally, was built up from the Technical Club.

"When we opened the club, there were so many applicants that we had to divide them into different groups on different days. But since they had nothing to do on those afternoons when they didn't come, they would turn up to watch the others work. So we decided to add more activities: sports, arts and crafts, social activities and so on. But about 90 per cent of the Centre's members are in the Technical Club programme, whatever else they may do there."

During his first few years in the club, the youngster is taught basic work skills according to a fixed programme: wood and metal work for the boys, and for any girls who want, ceramics and handicrafts for the rest of the girls. (Girls make up about a third of the club's membership.) Later on, though still required to learn skills according to a fixed plan, members are also allowed to work on other things which interest them. Electronics and rocket-building are among the more advanced activities. Some of the older boys make guitars.

URI EXPLAINED the attraction of the Technical Clubs:

"Everyone knows the youth movements are bankrupt. At best, they can attract the kids to their



Unravelling the mysteries of electronics engages the interest of teenagers who might otherwise roam the streets.

(Koren-Or)

basketball courts, but not to their ideologies. And even though the politicians won't admit it, the long school day is a dismal failure mean we aren't needed in the better neighbourhoods. Kids wander the streets aimlessly there, too."

Amnon, coordinator of the Technical Clubs programme for "marginal youth," had kept out of the conversation until now. Society. We had been talking about programmes which cater mainly for after-school hours, though some

working youth participate, too. But we don't force them to study or to do any of the technical work — at least not at the beginning. We have to find a synthesis between what we want and what they want. If not, they'll leave us. And if they leave, the boys will go straight to criminal activity and the girls right to prostitution."

Just then, Joseph Cohen, director-general of the Technical Clubs, joined us.

"Some people say we should put all our energy into the Kelet programme instead of into the after-school clubs. But I explain that if we have more after-school clubs and get these youngsters into them early enough, we won't need Kelet. Kids who come to our clubs don't wander around the streets and therefore don't cross the borderline to where they need Kelet."

Amnon gave an example of the type of youngsters Kelet has to deal with:

"One of the instructors came with a new car one day and the boys had a competition to see who could break into the car first. We have to convince them that stealing doesn't pay. It's a slow process. Our instructors and social workers actually go out looking for these teenagers and bring them to us. If we find them fast enough, we have a good chance. But if they've deteriorated too far, it's almost impossible."

As part of the annual summer competitions, the boys launch rockets they have made in the clubs. "But with our limited resources we're not very successful in this field."

Other competitions include the sailing of their model boats during a two-day camp session attended by more than 1,500 club members this year. "Of course, we have to give out prizes or it wouldn't be interesting. But we try not to emphasize that aspect. The real point is for the boys to get together and see that they are part of a large movement."

JOSEPH COHEN wishes that the clubs had more financial resources so that they could plan a comprehensive five-year programme instead of "living from hand to mouth." For instance, he would like to see more work done in teaching about space.

"Not every child has a father who reads the newspapers and tries to explain space travel to his son."

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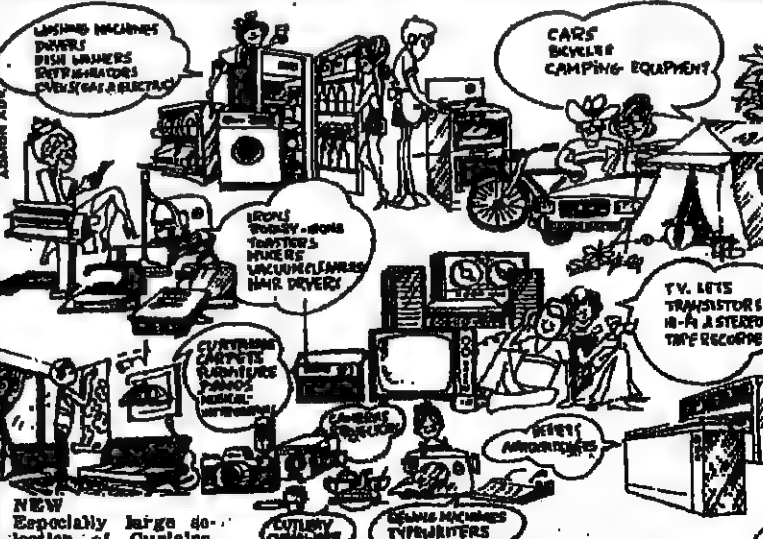
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Boom and bust



IN SPITE OF carefully worked out programmes, our household arrangements operate on a cycle of boom and bust. The boom comes for a day or two — a few days, if there are no unforeseen happenings — after the weekly order has been delivered. Then we eat high-class, four-course meals, and visitors are eagerly pressed to stay for lunch and dinner. We try our hands at new and delicious dishes. The amount and variety of groceries looks enough to feed a regiment and I am extravagant with materials, both basic and peripheral. We show off to casual droppers-in with home-made cakes and fancy biscuits.

Suddenly all this comes to an end. We have eaten a lot more than I had anticipated and short-ages loom up without notice. I find myself juggling with leftovers, heating up soggy crackers in the hope of rendering them edible once more, and scrounging around in odd boxes and bins for small caches of dried dates and figs secreted against times like these.

No longer do I wave a negligent hand towards overflowing bowls with an invitation for people to help themselves. Fruit is

now stringently rationed. People are warned that anyone consuming more than a fair share of supper is in danger of doing without breakfast.

Fortunately, the neighbours seem to have a better system than mine — or maybe they do their shopping on different days — but someone around can usually supply a cupful of milk to lighten our morning coffee or a little something to spread on our stale bread.

THE MECHANICS of the cycle would baffle any latterday Joseph. In our house, he'd have his work cut out to figure out the supply and demand situation for the coming week, never mind the next seven years plus another seven. Perhaps things moved rather more slowly in the days of the Pharaohs, and probably Joseph was warned by runners several months in advance about the advent of a tribe or two on their way to share in his roast kid and pomegranates so he had time to get to the shops before they closed.

Here, we are lucky to get a phone call in time to augment our stocks to feed ten instead of our accustomed three. Or else I fill the shelves with exotic items like yogurt and halva, which none of us eats, only to be left with most of them going mouldy in the fridge as guests either don't turn up or they've gone on a diet since they were here but and those are the two items they absolutely dare not touch. Or I confidently set out to make a walnut cake, only to find that the walnuts have all been eaten by a pack of under-nourished schoolgirls needing strength to cope with their homework.

The sardines will, I suppose, do for now, dressed up a bit with sandwich spread and dotted with some elderly olives that somehow got overlooked on our last pizza outbreak. Anyone who is still hungry can fill up on boiled rice. There seems to be a lot of that about. Someone must have had a fancy for it, then abandoned it half-way through. Tomorrow I'll make another list and start my calculations again. Tomorrow at least we'll start off with a really good dinner.

CULINARY NOTES / Haim Shapiro

The difficulty of being an eggplant

SO MUCH has been said in favour of the eggplant that the time has come to say a word or two for the opposition. True, the eggplant can be cooked 101 different ways, but so can a potato.

Eggplants are difficult to prepare; when fried they soak up enormous quantities of oil; and however prepared, they end up tasting just like eggplant. Moreover, beautiful as they are before they are cooked, their appearance after cooking does nothing to stimulate the appetite. Their major advantage seems to be that they are cheap, and that at one time there was hardly anything else to eat in this country. While we have gladly gotten rid of the *matzabot*, we still cling with nostalgic affection to the eggplant.

Nonetheless, for those who feel they must, here is an eggplant recipe which this writer's grandmother brought with her from Jerusalem to Brooklyn and which has now, so to speak, come home. It is, at least, fairly easy to prepare and rather tasty.



When buying eggplants, by the way, choose the heaviest ones for their size, without brown spots, bruises, or wrinkles.

TAKE A LARGE eggplant, or two small ones, and slice into unpeeled rounds, one cm. thick. Sprinkle them with salt and leave them to drain for about an hour to get rid of the bitter liquid.

Dip the slices in beaten eggs and then in breadcrumbs, or better yet, matza meal. Fry in very hot oil until brown on both sides. The breading and the heat of the oil should keep too much of the bitter from soaking into the eggplant. Remove the slices from the pan and drain them on paper. They may be reheated in a medium low oven before serving.

Meanwhile, brown as much garlic as you can bear in a little oil. About eight to ten cloves are recommended, but more would not hurt. Add a tin of tomato paste and an equal amount of water, about a quarter of a teaspoon of sugar and salt and pepper. Cook the sauce until the ingredients are well combined. Serve the hot slices with the sauce over them, topped by lots of fresh, finely-chopped parsley.

In America, this dish underwent an unfortunate transformation: Influenced perhaps by the Italians, on the next block, the writer's mother put the whole thing in the oven, transforming it into a sodden mess. Only scrupulous research into family folklore revealed the original recipe.

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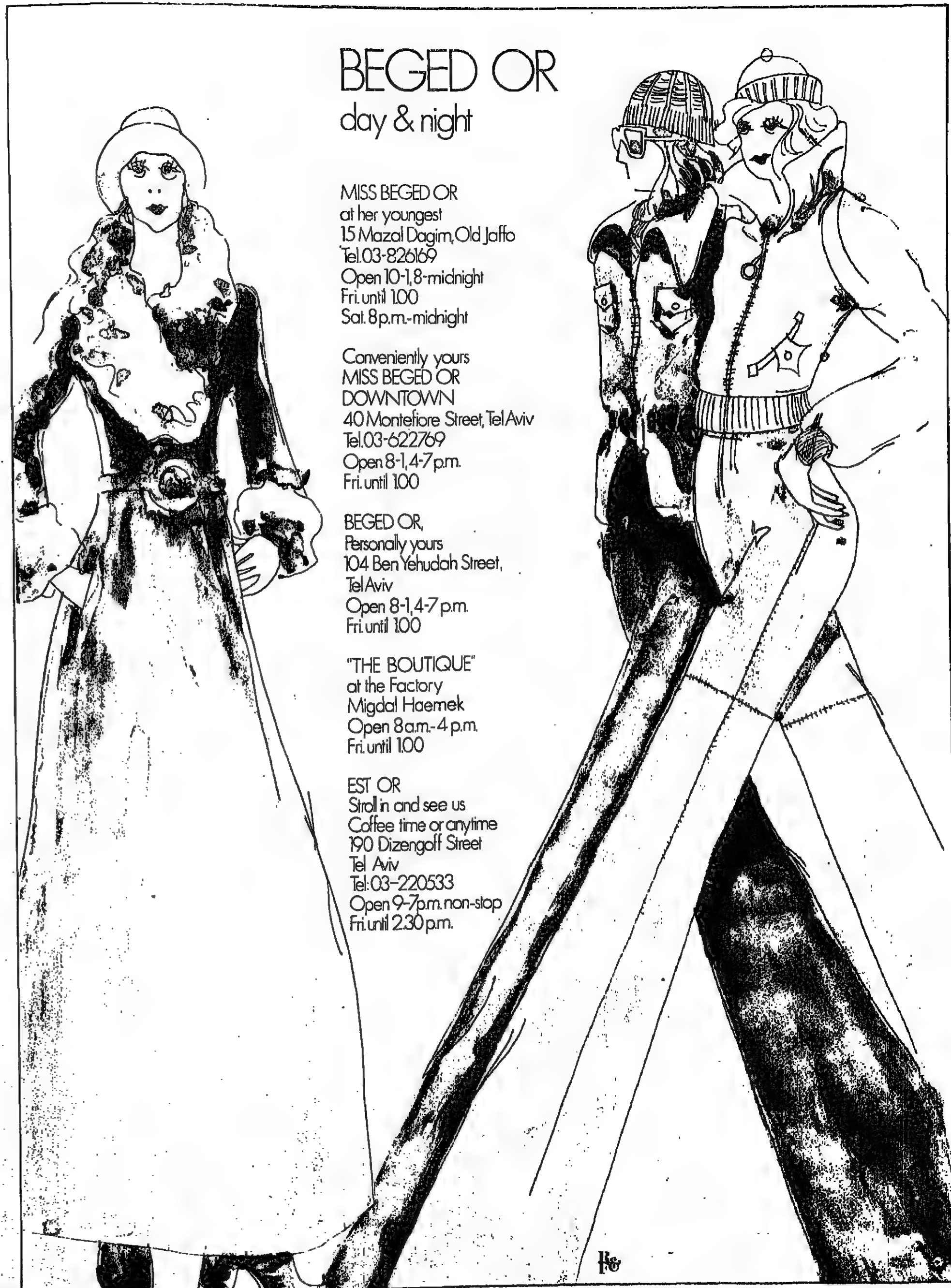
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MUSIC / Yohanan Boehm

I can hear you now

The steady drone of heavy traffic and a man chiselling away at stone rob me of my after-lunch nap.

There's a law against using a car-horn in the city, but no one bothers to enforce it... A man can be killed by sound waves... Didn't Dorothy Sayers get her murder done that way in "The Nine Tailors," by having the victim locked in a bell-tower?... Wonderful what they can do by augmenting sound electronically. One man on the drums or the guitar or the Synthesizer can produce more noise than a whole symphony orchestra...

THE PLEASURE of listening to music is conditioned by so many factors that it is difficult to know where to start talking about them.

At home, records can only be enjoyed to the full on a stereo player of good quality, the loudspeakers placed at the right height and the right angle in a well-proportioned room. If the members of the family and you turn down the volume too much, all the endeavours of the recording company's engineers have been in vain. The level should be reasonably close to what you hear in the concert hall, otherwise too much of the tone quality preserved in the grooves gets lost, and music is degraded to mere background sound.

The pleasure to be derived from a public performance is dependent on considerably more factors. Apart from the all-important element of individual receptivity, there are the atmosphere created by the architecture of a concert hall, its size, one's particular position in it, the medium — solo recital, chamber music or full symphony orchestra — and last, but not least, the programme and

the players and their performances!

In modern society, it is difficult to pay proper attention to everything: economic considerations are paramount. If an orchestra uses a small hall because it cannot fill a larger one, its sound volume will be too large for it; if a great soloist is giving a recital, he fills a large concert hall, but only a privileged few will have seats that allow them to get real pleasure out of his playing.

Smaller halls — with a capacity of up to a thousand — are acoustically a much better all round proposition than large ones with a capacity of 3,000, for the problems increase with size.

Sound travels straight and it bounces back when it meets a surface. If there are obstacles in the way (pillars, corners, steps), the sound is deflected and can create trouble. Too little reflection dulls the sound; too much of it creates echo, disturbing the clarity of reception. The shapes and surfaces of stages and halls determine sound characteristics. Refraction, absorption, reverberation, resonance are only a few of the technical details the architect has to worry about. However brilliant his design, the ultimate success of his work is determined by the construction of the floors and ceilings, the walls and windows and doors, and the materials used to cover them.

REVERBERATIONS range from 1.2 to 2.5 seconds, with 1.7 to 1.9 considered the best for musical sound. Below that, the acoustic qualities of a hall are "dead"; above this average, too much sound blurs the clarity. Now, sound — travelling at 340 metres per second in air and 1,500 m.p.s. in water — goes in

certain directions and has certain characteristics (overtone, etc.). There is no echo in an amphitheatre — sound gets lost quickly in the open air. But in a church, with its many architectural obstacles, sound is broken up into many directions, and crosses and re-crosses the space many times before losing its energy. Hence the echo, and the impression that the sound comes from all directions, giving an illusion of multi-faceted space and heavenly spheres. Obviously, acoustics in a Gothic church will be different from those in one built in Romanesque style, as will be the sound in a rectangular or a round concert hall.

When I piled some architect friends with questions on the subject, I was handed some very learned books full of statistics, curves, graphs, and tables listing the properties of sound — reverberations, energy, phons, decibels, watts and what-not; the absorptive quality of materials; more statistics, curves, graphs, etc. Having gotten well and truly lost in all this technical stuff, I would ask point blank: What makes a concert hall a good concert hall? The answer was either a long lecture which left both of us more bewildered than ever, or the plain statement, "We really don't know!"

In fact, any and every concert hall designed in our time has been proclaimed as the acoustic perfection in halls. But once the musicians have moved in and started to play, defects of all kinds have leapt to the car.

Some instruments project their sounds more or less parallel to the floor — string groups, for example, and flutes; but the cello projects upwards. Some groups play into the audience, some into the orchestra. All this has an acoustic bearing. Oboes and clarinets play downwards to the floor, the bassoon and the tuba, up towards the ceiling. Trumpets play straight ahead, trombones slightly bent to the floor, French horns into the back of the stage. The shape of an instrument — whether it is cylindrical or conical — affects the character and volume of its sound considerably. The percussion instruments add to the complications.

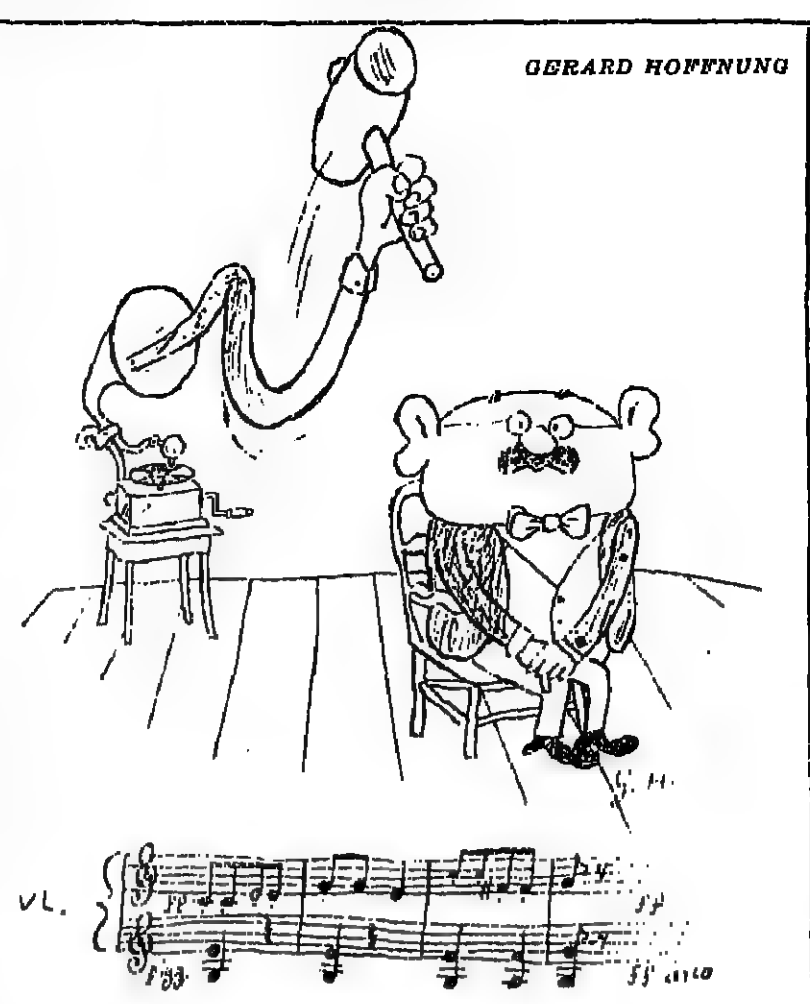
There are the piano, the harp, choir, and the other side of the footlights. Whether the hall is empty, half full or packed; whether people are wearing summer dresses or winter clothes; whether the air is dry or humid. All these factors have to be taken into consideration in designing and building a concert hall.

IN ISRAEL, performing musicians and conductors mostly prefer the stage of Jerusalem's Binyamin Ha'omah to that of the Mann Auditorium in Tel Aviv, because they can hear each other better, which contributes to greater precision and better sound balance. The Jerusalem Theatre happily has a good acoustic profile; the Beit Ha'am, on the other hand, is unsuitable for orchestral concerts because it lacks proper acoustic walls and a reflecting ceiling.

For chamber ensembles, the Wise Auditorium in Jerusalem and the Wix Auditorium at Yad Weizmann in Rehovot have no "dead spots" at all. Poor Halfates, still going to the Arnon Cinema, for their IPO concerts, complain about the echo of the most irritating kind, (quite apart from other inconveniences).

The IPO's first recordings for Decca were made neither in Jerusalem nor in Tel Aviv, but in an old, rickety cinema hall in Rishon LeZion, chosen for its acoustic qualities. Traffic was diverted during the recording sessions to avoid street noises — a consideration which will be appreciated by people who remember how such noises used to spoil concerts in, for example, the Edison Cinema and the YMCA auditorium in Jerusalem.

L.I. RABINOWITZ



Acoustic experts declaring new-built halls "ideal" or "excellent" are always very surprised when the musicians come in and hotly dispute these adjectives. A lot of changes are made everywhere until a reasonable solution (usually a compromise) is found.

For generations, until considerable alterations were made a few years ago, people complained about the acoustics at the Royal Albert Hall in London; the Royal Festival Hall was a great improvement, though one does not hear equally well everywhere. It took nearly five years until the Philharmonic Hall at New York's Lincoln Center satisfied performers, greatly increasing construction costs. The same is reported from Australia's new Music Centre in Sydney, where countless millions were spent on the best money can buy, but the results were so disappointing to discriminating musicians and listeners that millions more were spent on remedying matters.

The whole subject of acoustics is a fascinating one. There are several books for the lay reader who would like to delve into the field. "Horns, Strings and Harmony" by Arthur H. Benade (Anchor Books, Doubleday, N.Y., 1960) and "Science and Music" by Sir James Jeans (Cambridge University Press, 1961) are both excellent. A more technical book is "Acoustics for the Architect" by Harold Burris-Meyer and Lewis Goodfriend (Reinhold N.Y., 1957). If you read German, there is the "Handbuch der Schalltechnik im Hochbau" by Friedrich Bruckmayer (Franz Deuticke, Vienna, 1962).

But none of these will help you choose the best seat for your IPO subscription, or tell you why you liked a particular performance and your neighbour did not, or make you understand why you sometimes agree with your favourite critic's opinion and sometimes not. Sound remains a mystery — sometimes causing emotional elation, sometimes nerve-racking irritations.

"You know, where I sit, I can hear the percussions beautifully, but the woodwinds are almost inaudible."

"You're lucky, I get every note of the trumpet twice!"

RADIO FOR MUSIC LOVERS

TODAY: 08.10: Stamitz: Quintet; Dvořák: "Dumky" Trio (Heifetz-Platigorsky-Lateiner); 09.05: Maqani: "Vidish Renga"; 10.05: "Shalom" (Maqani); 10.25: Sibelius: Symphony No. 2; 11.05: Korasavi: Excerpts from "Le Gog Gog"; 1.30 p.m.: Otto Klemperer: 5 p.m.: Beethoven: Piano Sonata in C-sharp (H. Serkin); Tchaikovsky: Trio (Heifetz-Platigorsky-Lateiner); 8.05 p.m.: J.C. Bach: Symphony No. 3; 8.45 p.m.: Concertante (Oistrakh); Schubert: Symphony No. 8.

FRIDAY: 08.05: Respighi: "The Birds"; 08.25: "Piano Concerto (Rampal); 09.05: Overture "Cain and Prosperous Voyage (Muenchinger); 1.05 p.m.: Copland: Excerpts from "Rodeo" (Harnpan); 2.05 p.m.: "Piano Concerto" (Boulez); 0.05 p.m.: Mendelssohn: Duo-Piano play Mozart, Mendelssohn, Ravel; 3.40 p.m.: Tchaikovsky: "The World is Temporal."

SUNDAY: 08.10: Violin Concerto (Oistrakh); Schumann: ADPQ-Variazioni; Dvořák: "T'Apprendi sorella"; 08.55: Mozart: Piano Concerto, K. 467; Debussy: "Iberia"; 10.05 J.C. Bach: 3.05 p.m.: "Song of Daniel"; 4.05 p.m.: Bruckner: Mass No. 8 (Harnpan); 8.45 p.m.: IPO-Mendelssohn: Overture "Ray Blue" (Davies); 1.05: Symphony: Knapknecht (Fried-Daniel); 2.05: "Waltz d'Or" (Verrester-Chauras); 11.05 p.m.: Mendelssohn: String Quartet No. 4 (Julliard); 1.05: Bartok: Quartet No. 4 (Fine Arts).

MONDAY: 08.10: Beethoven: Violin Sonata, op. 98 (Szigeti-Arran); Turina: Trio, op. 35 (Heifetz-Platigorsky-Lateiner); 09.05: Prague Madrigals; 10.05 (repeated); Zvi Zeitlin-Paula Saltzman; Bach: Solo Sonata No. 5; 11.05: Stravinsky: Divertimento, 5.05 p.m.: Beethoven: "Fidelio" (Klemperer).

TUESDAY: 08.10: Weber: Overture "Oberon" (A. a. a. a. a.); 08.25: Dvorak: Concerto; 09.05: Beethoven: Concerto (Bodan); 09.55: Monossorgsky: "Song and Dance of Death"; Tchaikovsky: Violin Concerto (Oistrakh); 10.05: Chopin: "Don Giovanni" — Variations; 10.25: Beethoven: Symphony No. 9 (Harnpan); 11.05: Gaudin: Symphony Orchestra — Ami M. Svan; 12.05: Beethoven: Overture "Framo"; 1.05: Chauras: Piano; 2.05: Prokofiev: Piano Concerto No. 1; 3.05 p.m.: Beethoven: Piano Concerto No. 1; 3.30 p.m.: Symphony Concert (repeated).

WEDNESDAY: 08.10: Czech music; 1.10 p.m.: Yacov Dagan, Guitar; 4.05 p.m.: (repeated); 5.05: Symphony Concert; 10.05 p.m.: Ph. Minkhorst, Violin; Jonathan Zak; 11.05: Beethoven: Sonata, op. 12, 1; Brahms: Sonata, op. 78.

THURSDAY: 08.10: Famous Artists; 09.05: Ballet Music by Tchaikovsky, Prokofiev, Shostakovich, Elst-Gaer; 10.05: Tchaikovsky: Symphony; Walton: Britten; Improvisations; Harnpan; Flute Concerto (Davies); 11.05: Tchaikovsky: 3.10 p.m.: Beethoven: 4.30 p.m.: (repeated); IPO: Lalo: Berlioz; 5.30 p.m.: J.C. Bach; 6.05: Lohr; 11.05 p.m.: Josef Sutherland.

مركز العمل



THE KIBBUTZ, THE MOSHAV, THE MOSHAVA COME TO TEL AVIV

The romantic, historic beginnings of Jewish settlement in the land of Israel... birth of the kibbutz, the moshav, the agricultural community... richly coloured by the dramatic atmosphere of its inception a century ago:

RECAPTURED IN "100 YEARS OF JEWISH SETTLEMENT" A RETROSPECTIVE HAPPENING STARTING AT THE TEL AVIV FAIRGROUNDS ON SEPTEMBER 12.

A RETROSPECTIVE HAPPENING... Makes you a part of historic milestones. Takes you to meticulously recreated places you've read about. Lets you walk among the tents, the settlers' cabins. Smell the barnyard smells... hear the livestock noises. Feel the heat of the summer sun.

A MULTI-MEDIA HAPPENING... With films, slides, light shows, taking you from the beginning of settlement to the ultra-modern technology of present-day life in the kibbutz, moshav and moshava.

A GET-INVOLVED HAPPENING... plan to return more than once; there's so much experience. Bring your camera, so you can record "history as it happened"... and remember to have your souvenir photo taken at the authentic backdrop from Degania A — the country's first kibbutz.

100 YEARS OF JEWISH SETTLEMENT
Starting September 12, 1978
From 4 p.m. to 11 p.m.
at the Tel Aviv Fairgrounds
CONVENIENT PARKING
ON OMER ST. BUS

100 YEARS OF JEWISH SETTLEMENT

The Exhibition you'll visit more than once. Tel Aviv Fairgrounds, Sept. 12 to Oct. 3.

THEATRE

Pearl Sheffy Gefen

A KITTEN flew over the garden wall and landed, whimpering, at Hedi Yadin's feet. The beautiful Viennese wife of Yossi Yadin, famous actor member of a famous archaeological family, rushed to find milk. Yossi muttered over the cruelty of an unknown neighbour's prank while the wife of his current playwright comforted the kitten.

The occasion was a cast party for a new Israeli play, "The Last Treatments," which opens tomorrow night at the Haifa Municipal Theatre, was written by A.B. Yehoshua, a sixth-generation, Jerusalem-born sabra, whose previous play, "A Night in May," ran for 180 performances four years ago.

Directed by Oded Kotler, "The Last Treatments" stars Yadin as Herman, a bookshop owner who, Yossi explains, "has sold his store because people are no longer interested in buying and reading books. They only care about getting book-purchase receipts for income tax deductions. Herman decides to give his books to the local university — presumably Haifa — but even there, he is thwarted: the university clerk tries to talk him out of the gift, insisting that nobody really wants them."

To the implied charge that Israelis are concerned more with materialism than with culture, Yadin comments:

"Let's not make generalizations. But the fact is, I remember how proud we were in the old days, ten to 15 years ago, and how impressed tourists were, that when you walked along a street in Tel Aviv, there was a bookshop every 50 or 100 metres. Go to Tel Aviv today and you'll hardly see one. Dizengoff Street had 20 or 30 bookstores. Now it has pizzerias and steak bars. We all suffer from this state of affairs."

In the play, Herman deals with various characters, most of whom have come to consult his psychiatrist wife, who is absent during the first act. A young Israeli soldier brings an unbalanced American girl suffering from contemporary youth's alienations and drug culture. Amnon Meskin, son of Habimah's great veteran, Aharon Meskin, plays Shatz, a guilt-ridden former mental patient back for repeat treatment.

"The point is," says Yadin, "every character in the play suffers from a lack of balance, perhaps traceable to the anguish of Jewish history."

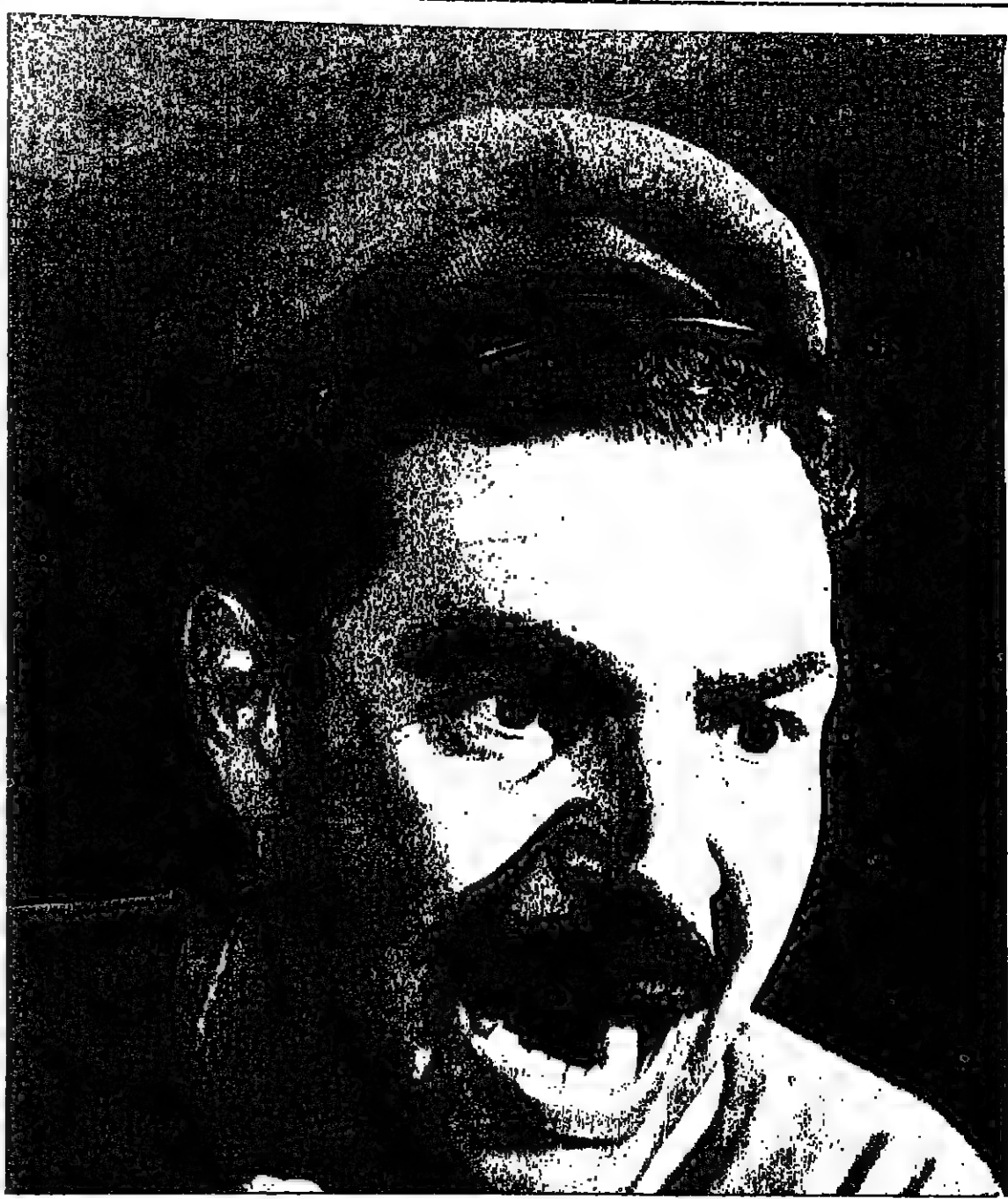
"The young are trying to find a new world. The old are out of focus with today's realities. Shatz is a product of Israeli society, in which the sons of the founders have traded the pioneer spirit for the possessive instinct, but are riddled with doubts as to whether this is the better way to live."

YOSSI YADIN ("only my enemies call me Yossi") is a tall, elegant man of rich voice and enormous presence. He and Hedi live in a country home of impeccable taste, with a great stone fireplace, a cello and a poodle puppy, all of it shortly to be seen on Israeli television in a new series devoted to meeting the country's leading artists.

Yossi was born in Jerusalem, son of Eliezer Sukendik, the renowned archaeologist, and younger brother to Yigael Yadin. Why did he enter a profession so divorced from that of his father and brother? Yossi grins.

"Partly because I felt that with two archaeologists in the family, a third would be nonsense — and a nuisance."

His debut came in a school play at the age of six, and from then, his path was fixed. There was no active opposition from his family. "Only once," Yossi recalls, "did my father make a comment."



The other Yadin

When I finished high school, and decided to study at Habimah, my father took me into his study, locked the door, and said, "Look Yossi, I don't want to interfere with your plans, but one thing you must promise me. If you want to be an actor, try to be a good one. Later, I think, he was proud and happy."

Was there any feeling of competition between the two brothers? "I don't know," says Yossi, "we never discussed it. But there were many jokes going around about who became famous first. My father used to joke that once he was known as Professor Sukenik who had two sons, and now he was only the father of Yigael and Yossi Yadin."

"Then there was the story when Yigael was Chief of Operations during the War of Independence, about his running out of gasoline during the fighting in the Negev. The supply officer refused to let him have any. But when he shouted that his name was Yadin, the officer said, 'Oh, if you're the brother of Yigael Yadin, that's different!' Later of course, I became known as Yigael's brother — and rightly."

After two teenage years "playing servants and walk-ons" at Habimah, Yossi joined the Jewish Brigade and spent his last three World War years in the British Army as part of an entertainment troupe. Then came a year as an announcer with the Palestine Broadcasting Service.

At the same time, he helped found the Cameri Theatre with a group of brilliant young actors, including Hannah Marron, who were in rebellion against the stranglehold which Habimah's nucleus of Russian-bred actors kept on Jewish roles, effectively barring newcomers.

IN HIS 27-year career, Yossi has taken part in about 120 plays, including "A Night in Winter," "Dance of Death," "Look Homeward, Angel," "Emperor Jones," "The Master-Builders" and "Come Back Little Sheba." Among his father's favorite roles were Falstaff, "Henry IV" and Lenny in "Of Mice and Men." Looking to the future, he would like to do Cyrano, Lear and "lots of Eugene O'Neill."

He has made only eight films, four Israeli and four foreign. The latest, made in Canada, is "Lies My Father Told Me," written by Ted Allen and directed by Jan Kadar, whose "Shop on Main Street" opened international film portals to the Czech New Wave.

Yossi has preferred stage to cinema because, he says, "the magic of the theatre is far stronger than that of the screen." A case in point is "Kazablan."

version, but it's more entertaining than message. The theatre must play a role in bridging the social gap and overcoming the frustrations of minorities in our society. Every play should be committed. That's what makes Shakespeare the most modern playwright today."

Yadin's studies included 18 months in England with the Royal Shakespeare Company, where he was one of Peter Brook's assistants on the tradition-shattering "Marat-Sade." He spent two sessions at the Actor's Studio in New York. The first followed the filming of "Four in a Jeep" in 1950, when he studied alongside Marlon Brando.

Eight years later, he returned to the U.S. to play his father in a CBS television programme on the Dead Sea Scrolls, based on his brother's book. A pretty girl ("she was a doll, a darling") in his class at the Actor's Studio plied him with questions about Israel and Judaism during a long luncheon. It was only later that he learned that she was Marilyn Monroe.

Yossi began to sing at the urging of the great Paul Robeson, whom Yadin recently portrayed on Israeli radio.

"One evening in 1950, I was visiting friends in New York, and Robeson came in. He was then lecturing on the situation of Negroes in South Africa. I was tremendously impressed by him, and after an hour of talking, he told me I had wonderful voice material and should study singing."

He called his own teacher, and I went to him for lessons every other day for six months."

As an indirect result, Yossi sang for four seasons in Vienna, one as Zorba and three in "Fiddler on the Roof." He learned German especially for "Fiddler" (and later dubbed Topol's voice in the German version of the Jewison film).

He had accepted the "Fiddler" offer reluctantly, "but I decided that, from an educational viewpoint, it was important. The Austrians themselves had many hesitations before they decided to present it, because they didn't know how the public would react. Once they decided, they made one of the best productions anywhere and it was a great success."

"The Ministry of Education in Vienna asked me to meet with young people to discuss the play. At one high school, I asked a 15-year-old girl, who said she was very moved by the performance, what she had learned from it. I'll never forget her answer: 'I learned that not all Jews are rich!'"

THE YEHOSHUA play marks Yossi's first stage appearance in Israel outside the Cameri Theatre since 1940. The break came when the Cameri management refused him permission to film in Canada because "they felt that to let me go again would create anarchy. If I were released, others would demand to be. I understood their point of view — after all, I was involved in the management of the theatre for over 25 years — but in this case, I felt they could be more flexible. I think they realize this now."

The split may be healed soon. Following another original Israeli play in Haifa, this one by Yakov Shabtai, Yossi will return to the Cameri "probably to do O'Neill's 'Touch of a Poet' or Turgenyev's 'Month in the Country'." Whether he returns for good is a moot question.

"I have to leave something open for negotiation. But I must say I like the idea of working with other groups very much. The work in Haifa gave me tremendous satisfaction."

The complaint is often heard that Israel has fewer first-class actors than one might expect in a land of so much theatrical activity. Yadin disagrees.

"Israel is full of talent. I know theatres all over the world, and the number of talented actors we produce is proportionately far greater than elsewhere. So, you may ask, why is the Israeli theatre not as good as it should be? The most important reason is the lack of good directors. Compare the two Shakespeare plays running now at Habimah and the Cameri, and you'll see the difference in the quality of direction. Both theatres have very good actors, but an actor must have a director. Oded Kotler is one of the better ones."

Do Israeli playwrights get enough exposure?

"The Cameri and other theatres receive hundreds of manuscripts every year, and most of them are terrible. But we must remember that no playwright will grow unless we give him a chance. It's a director's duty to work with playwrights and then bring in the actors to show how the written words reproduce on stage. For 'Last Treatments,' Yehoshua was with us all the time, and the play changed throughout rehearsals."

By now, Yehoshua (who sums up his play as "a demystification of the sources of abnormality"), Kotler and the cast at the party had dropped shop talk and were indulging in the favourite Israeli pastime of pre-election politics. Oblivious to the dove-hawk talk, the kitten was curled up in Mrs. Yehoshua's lap. She, it so happens, is a clinical psychologist. The combination of Yadin puppy and stray kitten was likely to prove cute but lethal. The kitten went home with the playwright.

مكتبة النور

Bouquet for Edna Shavit

RADIO/Ze'ev Schul

ONCE EVERY SO often — and it doesn't happen too frequently — I find myself in total accord with a radio programme: the kind that leaves me satiated, happily regurgitating choice little mental morsels and chortling, in delayed action, at the quips long since replaced by the time tips for the midnight News.

All of which is intended to underline my appreciation of last week's "This Night," an Army Programme regular (Thursday, 10.00 p.m. — midnight) usually dominated by Joseph ("Tommy") Lapid — editor of "Ati" and member of the editorial board of "Ma'ariv." Since he is at present on a round-the-world trip, I can risk this swipe at him: I used to make a point of missing the programme.

Anyway, last week some of Shidural Yisrael's boys were broggy with the management again — the engineers, I think, this time. A two-day warning strike meant no Shidural Yisrael, so, willy-nilly, I tuned in to the Army.

Edna Shavit, narrator, and Yehiel Levanon (apparently condemned to silence and lurking somewhere in the invisible background) were filling in for Mr. Lapid. The first voice I heard — I had missed the beginning of the programme — was the healthy booming bass of author-inventor Yigal Mossinsohn. It emerged that this prolific writer, whose output ranges from "Hassamba" to "Kneblan," has also fathered a series of patents, the last of which is a sea-water desalination principle which, to

someone who happens to know a little about the subject, sounded as if the man had actually discovered a blood cousin of Columbus' egg.

Mr. Mossinsohn did not divulge his secret; but what he did disclose was that his gadget had eliminated the need for compressors and pipes — the costliest items in conventional, near-vacuum conditions, under which water evaporates at lower temperatures — reducing caloric requirements and thereby making the process cheaper.

The Mossinsohn principle (he is himself too modest to call it that) is being taken seriously by no less an expert than the Water Commissioner himself, as well as specialist engineers of whom we have an abundance. First appraisals, we were told, were positive.

Other Mossinsohn gadgets we have already heard about: a parking gadget ("Give me 5.40 sqm. and I'll park you two cars, one on the left, another to the right, and an adequate path in the middle"). This has already met with the approval of Transport Minister Shimon Peres and other high-ups and is at present entering production at the Kibbutz Netzer-Serenit plant.

Also on the Mossinsohn stocks: two new books and a play (or is it a film?) called "The Spies in the Jericho Bardo of Rahab the Whore." A long title, as befits a biblical theme and an ancient profession.

One of Yigal Mossinsohn's two new books also has a familiar-sounding title: the Hebrew equivalent of "Vive la difference."

But nobody in his right senses would dare not to take Mossinsohn seriously after "Kasablan."

Then there was Ms. Shavit's subtle handling of sculptor Shlomo Cohen, a Bezalel graduate now permanently perched in Amsterdam, where he finds that "people bother one less and don't ask me how much I earn."

It's also convenient for getting to Dusseldorf and Paris and Brussels. And, of course, struggling young artists do have things so much easier in Amsterdam, what with scholarships, loans and all.

Why was he exhibiting here at all? A cold, "I was asked to." Did he expect to stay in Amsterdam? An even chillier, "Yes, for the time being." Curtain.

Next on Ms. Shavit's list: a young film-maker answering to the name of Yona who had just produced his first — a thriller answering to the name of "Adam." It's all about an anti-hero, who is a disturbed neurosurgeon, and a hero who is a psychologist. The neurosurgeon wins.

So does Yona. According to Yigal Mossinsohn's comments from the background. Superlatives of those who had seen trial runs like it kept us all on the edges of our chairs, etcetra, evidently had film-maker Yona, a newcomer from France, all confused and flustered.

Yitzhak Livne, the boss of Galei Tzahal, was next on the list, delivering a rather dull monologue on listeners' letters. Mr. Livne's contributions are usually much livelier, but this time he just talked on uninterrupted, having been pre-recorded instead of the subject coming up, like the others, as a regular question-and-answer item.

I have concentrated on "This Night" because I think it is a shining example of what these mixed "Whats-on-in-town" type of

programmes can offer: two hours of outstanding entertainment achieved with the help of a skillful producer-editor and an intelligent narrator.

TV programmes

FRIDAY

5.00 The Partridge Family. 5.35 Erev Shabbat Programme. 5.55 Shabbat Song. 6.10 Weekly Magazine. 6.30 "Assault on the Wayne" — with Joseph Cotton. 10.15 Entertainment from Abroad — the Greek 6th Song Olympiad. 11.05 News. ARABIC: 6.00 News Headlines. 6.32 Full-length film. 7.45 News. 8.00 Programme Review. 8.15 Maths. 7. 8.30 A game on words. 8.45 Maths. 8. 10.00 Biology 10. 10.20 That's what we are. 2.35 Page from a book.

SATURDAY

5.40 Hamavdil. 5.50 Mahat. 6.00 Ironside. 6.30 Mahat Sport. 10.30 News. ARABIC: 6.00 News Headlines. 6.32 Messages to relatives and friends. 6.30 Inventions and Innovations. 6.45 Drama: "Mr. Fogel". 7.30 News and current affairs.

SUNDAY

5.30 News Headlines. 5.32 The Brady Bunch. 5.55 0-0-0-0-0. 5.59 "Assault on the Wayne" — documentary. 6.40 "Charlie's Big Adventure" — Charlie Chaplin's first silent film. 11.00 News. ARABIC: 6.00 News Headlines. 6.32 The Forest Rangers. 7.00 Islam — documentary. 7.30 News and Weekly Magazine. 8.00 English 5. 8.35 Citizenship 8. 9.00 English 5. 9.35 Citizenship 8. 10.45 Sur la Point. 11.05 Algebra 9. 11.25 Geometry 8. 12.00 English 10. 1.00 Technical Drawing 8. 1.20 A game on words. 1.40 Chess — lesson 2. 4.00 English 7. 4.17 Chess — lesson 2. 4.25 Electricity 10.

MONDAY

5.30 News Headlines. 5.32 Pompon. 5.40 "There Is Magic and There Is Magic" — part 4. 5.50 Youth Magazine. 5.55 Mahat. 5.58 La Troupe du Roi — special programme on the life and work of Mohammed VI. Entertainment with Yoni Joos. Jose Feliciano and Mary Hopkins. 11.30 News. ARABIC: 6.00 News Headlines. 6.32 Sport. 7.31 Projector. 7.37 Projector.

If I had my way, Ms. Shavit would have a new permanent assignment. Perhaps Mr. Donavitz will be going on a trip soon?

gramme Review. 7.30 News and current affairs. EDUCATIONAL: 8.15 English 8. 8.50 Geometry 8. 9.15 Science/Physics 8. 10.00 Biology 8. 10.30 English 8. 11.25 Maths. 8. 12.00 Biology 8. 12.30 Science/Physics 7. 1.00 Biology 8. 1.30 Science 8. 2.10 Electricity 10. 4.00 English 8. 4.25 Biology 8. 4.57 Film. 4.58 Technology.

TUESDAY

5.30 News Headlines. 5.32 Service Broadcast. 5.42 Hattytown story. 5.55 Film. 6.10 Sport for Youth. 6.30 Crisis: Kennedy vs. Kennedy. 6.35 Mahat. 6.40 Cannon. 6.40 The match of the week. 10.25 News. ARABIC: 6.00 News Headlines. 6.32 Selected Songs. 7.00 Family Magazine. 7.30 News and current affairs. EDUCATIONAL: 8.40 English 8. 9.05 Maths. 7. 9.25 English 8. 10.00 English 8. 10.30 English 8. 11.25 English 8. 12.00 English 10. 12.30 English 8. 1.00 Technology 8. 1.20 Citizenship 7.

WEDNESDAY

5.30 News Headlines. 5.32 Cartoons. 6.00 Good to Know. 6.32 Bibbi. 6.35 Film. 6.35 Mahat. 6.40 "Outcast of the Islands" — with Trevor Howard and Ralph Richardson. 10.30 News. ARABIC: 6.00 News Headlines. 6.32 World War 1. 1.00 Poetry. 7.05 This Is Israel. 7.37 Programme Review. 7.30 News and current affairs. EDUCATIONAL: 8.15 Geometry 8. 8.40 Literature 7. 8.55 Maths. 8. 9.25 English 8. 10.00 English 8. 10.30 English 8. 11.25 English 8. 12.00 English 10. 12.30 Geometry 8. 1.00 Film. 1.20 Science/Physics 7. 1.40 Literature. 2.10 Technical Drawing 8. 4.00 Story. 4.15 Legend. 4.37 English 8. 4.44 Electricity 10.

THURSDAY

5.30 News Headlines. 5.32 Circus. 5.40 Disneyland. 6.00 Entertainment from Abroad — "Gloria Hui Parade". 6.30 Mahat. 6.40 Hawaii Five-O. 6.40 Mahat. 10.15 News. ARABIC: 6.00 News Headlines. 6.32 Cartoons. 6.37 This is your problem. 7.30 News and current affairs. EDUCATIONAL: 8.15 Maths. 8. 8.45 Maths. 8. 9.25 Science/Physics 8. 10.00 Technology 8. 10.30 Geometry 8. 11.25 Biology 8. 12.30 Science/Physics 7. 1.00 Electricity 10. 1.20 Sur la Point. 1.40 Ancient History. 2.10 English 10. 4.10 Science 8. 4.30 English 8. 4.51 "The Flying Robot" — film.

TELEVISION/Philip Gillon

Does bad television really gain voters?

IT WAS A pleasure to see our old friend Hanoch Smith in action once more; his comings with the elections are one of the brightest spots in the long night of trying to keep track of the rise and fall of Israel's election fever. If I may venture a criticism of this excellent prophet in Israel, I think it is high time that he acquired a new computer; this time, again, the genie failed to perform its miracles when he rubbed his lamp. He was reduced once more to producing his very educated guesses, but I am sure he would be happier if he were given a computer that observed full working hours like everyone else in Israel — 16 hours a day — and did not go on a work-to-rule strike as soon as the going gets tough.

The best reportage, I thought, was of the Arabs in East Jerusalem, who explained better than most Jews I know why the Histadrut is such a wonderful institution.

The Jerusalem Post had been advised last week that the long wait for results on election night would be filled up with films and fun; hence my hearty endorsement of the plan last Friday. Instead, we were given some learned discussions by a panel of savants, which, I am sure, some people may have preferred to idle entertainment, although others may have been driven to their stables. Far be it from me to say which group was right.

In general, I congratulate Television House on its valiant attempt to keep election excitement on the boil, despite the fact that most people did not seem to get mad with excitement about the Histadrut trial run. No doubt they were saving their strength for the real race at the end of October.

One thing that will no doubt have to be reviewed by party headquarters will be the propaganda programmes prepared for should not have been put on at television. Did these gain or lose votes? The Alignment, with the aid of the Religious Workers, with the worst products, went up. Does this prove that bad programming gains voters, and vice versa? Personally, if I were asked to plan television strategy for one of the parties, I would suggest using the time to say: "We've already told you ad nauseam what we want to keep election excitement on the boil, despite the fact that most people did not seem to get mad with excitement about the Histadrut trial run. No doubt they were saving their strength for the real race at the end of October."

Which reminds me that a friend who comes from Los Angeles has sent me a copy of the "Los Angeles TV Times." Just think: they start viewing there at 6 a.m. and their last movie begins at 3.15 the following morning. There's bliss for you. The most valuable tip I picked up for our programmers is that Los Angeles has film weeks — Humphrey Bogart Week, Marx Brothers Week, Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers Week, and so on. It would be a great idea if one week we scrapped all programmes except the news and had every night devoted to a different Bogart film. The more I think about it, the more I am convinced that our programmers, with their limited time and resources, have got to think of unusual fare to tempt our appetites, instead of relying on staple boarding-house menus.

Going back to the elections, one thing that has emerged clearly is that we, the public, should insist on having them far more often. We have never had it so good — but just think how we'll get it in the neck in November! An election every year — that would be a slogan to get the voters. DESPITE MY support for sudden programming, and for not being cabined and confined by prior announcements, I cannot say that I was pleased to be served *kitsch* instead of abortions on Monday night.

I was really looking forward to a long, heated argument about abortion. There are so many pros, and a few cons; it provides a fertile field for uncheckable statistics. We could have had real fun and games. Instead, the programme, like salesmen in the bazaars of old Jerusalem, proffered us *kitsch*. It seemed to me that the subject was completely disposed of by the opening remark: one man's *kitsch* is another man's art. Especially in these days of pop art and modern art and abstract art and all the rest of it, we have to be very careful what we deplore publicly as *kitsch*, lest it should turn out to be some masterpiece we are decrying, with a consequent slump in our reputations as art critics. And that's all that needs to be said about *kitsch*.

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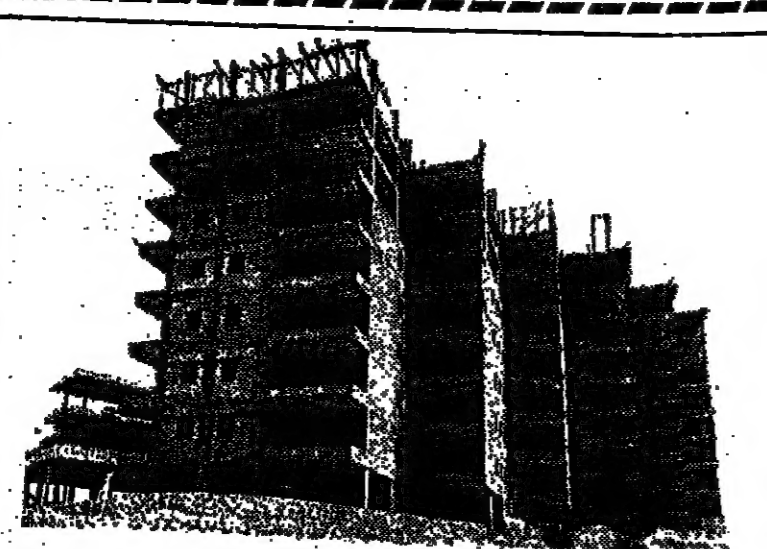
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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1973

מזכרונות

THE ISRAELI CINEMA
Tel Aviv University
Faculty of Arts and Communications
The Israel Film Archives, Haifa

Week dedicated to the great film Director
LUIS BUNUEL
Saturday, September 16, 7 p.m.
DRATE IN THE GARDEN
AN ANDALUSIAN IDOL (Short)
with Luis Bunuel
Sunday, Sept. 17, 9:30 p.m.
DIARY OF A CHAMBERMAID
AN ANDALUSIAN IDOL (Short)
Wednesday, September 19, 7 p.m.
TRISTANA
9:15 p.m.
Discussion of Bunuel's films
10 p.m.
VERIDIANA
For this special evening (Wed.), tickets will be sold for 11.5, and 11.50 for members.
Tickets and registration of new members: at the Cinematique.

Beit Oved Haifa, 1 Rehov Pambadita, Tel. 21231
Buses 12, 15, 10, 20, 21, 22, 35, 41, 62, 66

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Tel Aviv: Sept. 15 • Sept. 22
Jerusalem: Sept. 17, 1973
Haifa: Sept. 20, 1973

THE QUEEN of SHEBA


GRAND OPERA BY K. GOLDMARK
Produced by EDITH DE-PHILIPPE
Hebrew: Aharon Ashman
Conductors:
Alexander Tardil • Franklin Ghoset
Chorus Conductor: Dr. H. Plakos
Choreography: F. Tcherikow

Cast:
NETANIA DAVRATH
CELINA CHIVITZ
ESTHER BAUMVEL
LILIA SHANI
MARILLE RAYTOR
CLAUDIO AYBILA
BORIS BAR-LEV
MORDECHAI BEN-SHACHAR
MICHAEL OLJECHKMAN
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Rehov Bezaal, Jerusalem

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Under the auspices of the Embassy of Japan
in selected works of Mozart,
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MANN AUDITORIUM
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JERUSALEM, KINYAZEL HA'OOMA Mon., Oct. 8 at 8.30 p.m. Tickets: Chana, Tel. 22851	HAIFA, SHAVIT Sat., Oct. 13 at 9 p.m. Tickets: Garber, Tel. 24777	BERSHEVA, KEREN Fri., Oct. 12 at 9 p.m. Tickets: Merkur, Tel. 2421
YAQUB, YAD LABANIM Thurs., Oct. 4 at 9 p.m.	AYLET HANAHAR, YAD LABANIM Thurs., Oct. 11 at 9 p.m.	ZIN HANAHAR, MEGIDDO REGIONAL HALL Sun., Oct. 14 at 9 p.m.

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THE JERUSALEM POST

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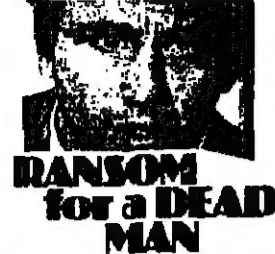
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ROMY SCHNEIDER
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The Poster

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AS YOU LIKE IT (Cameri) — TEL AVIV (Cameri) Sat., Sun. ZEMACH (Amphitheatre) Tues.

DON'T CALL ME BLACK (Young Theatre) — HAIFA (Neva Shanan Amumi) Fri. 9.00, Jerusalem (Mithell) Sat. 12.30, Tel Aviv (Heil Hachayal) Tues. 8.30, Wed. 9.00, ASIKELON (Hahel) Thurs. 9.00.

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THE ETERNAL HUSBAND (Hahel) — TEL AVIV (Hahel) Sat., Sun., Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs.

HAPPY EVENT (Cameri) — TEL AVIV (Zavia) Sat. 8.00, 10.00, Sun. 9.00.

LAST RITES (Haifa) — HAIFA (Municipal Theatre) Sat., Sun., Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR (Hahel) — Shakespeare's gay romp about the drunken gluttony of a skit-chasing Sir John Falstaff, in a fine production by Avraham Asse, makes for a pleasant evening at the hottest time of the year. TEL AVIV (Hahel) Sat., Sun., Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs.

PICTURES IN THE HALLWAY (Hahel) — TEL AVIV (Hahel) Fri. 9.30, Sat. 9.00.

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THE SCAREGOAT (Cameri) — Nissim Aloni's new play under his own direction is as colorful and dazzling and enigmatic as his previous offerings. The play takes him to various cities and a never-ending world of Aloni characters, shady operators, whims, bogus moths, assassins. Whatever it is not, the response is a grand spectacle. TEL AVIV (Cameri) Tues., Wed., Thurs.

STATUS QUO VADIS (Haifa) — Stage 2 — A political documentary, based on the book "The Arrangement," by Shmuel Aloni, criticizes alleged religious fanaticism by the clerical-political establishment. The approach is shallow and covers only part of the territory. TEL AVIV (Zavia) Tues. 8.00.

WHAT WE LOOK LIKE (Bimot) — Programme of humour and satire. TEL AVIV (Bimot) Fri. 9.30, midnight, Sat. 9.30.

YACONI AND IDENTICAL (Cameri) — Tel Aviv's new play by Hanech Levin, author of Hefez, by far the best original play in a long time, beautifully directed by the author. TEL AVIV (Zavia) Mon., Tues., 9.00.

THE ETERNAL HUSBAND (Hahel) — TEL AVIV (Hahel) Sat., Sun., Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs.

HAPPY EVENT (Cameri) — TEL AVIV (Zavia) Sat. 8.00, 10.00, Sun. 9.00.

LAST RITES (Haifa) — HAIFA (Municipal Theatre) Sat., Sun., Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs.

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Burt Lancaster, flashing his famous teeth, in the re-run of "The Professionals."

CINEMA

AND HOPE TO DIE — Action film based on the stupor and corruption of the middle class.

EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SEX, BUT WERE AFRAID TO ASK — Like the curate's egg — funny in parts.

FAMILY LIFE — Ken Loach's moving and impressive study of mental breakdown.

FEAR IS THE KEY — Hard-hitting action story with plenty of chases.

FRITZ THE CAT — The animated movie comes of age with this savage satire of modern life.

THE GETAWAY — No holds are barred in Technicolor's romantic thriller.

THE GO-BETWEEN — Leary's hauntingly beautiful portrayal of lost innocence.

GONE WITH THE WIND — The epic movie of the American Civil War.

LE GRAND BLOND AVEO UNE CHAUSURE NOIRE — Pleasant satire of the espionage business.

HIS NAME WAS HOLY GHOST — Unpleasant "pagetti" western.

INNOCENT BYSTANDERS — Average Western.

KAZABLAN — Israel's first big musical is too much of pot-pourri despite lots of colour, movement and pleasant music.

THE DISCREET CHARM OF THE BOURGEOISIE — Fascinating surrealism comedy about the stupidity and corruption of the middle class.

EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SEX, BUT WERE AFRAID TO ASK — Like the curate's egg — funny in parts.

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